The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

VOL. I.—No. 20. [Entered at Stationer's Hall.] LONDON: MAY 19, 1894. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE FOUR PENCE.

"HERBERT, I'VE WRONGED YOU."

How a Paramour Entreated His Friend to Kill Him.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING COMPANY,
108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

For the Week Ending
SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1894.

RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"The Mirror of Life" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

One Year, Post Free ...	17s. 4d.
Six Months, ditto ...	8s. 8d.
Three Months, ditto ...	4s. 6d.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, per insertion 10s. 6d.
Special Contracts made for Three Months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
JAMES J. CORBETT,
Champion of the World,
Will be sent post-paid on receipt of One Shilling to The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Next week The Mirror of Life will be sold at twopence per copy instead of fourpence as heretofore. The reduction in price will be made at the suggestion of the wholesale newsagents throughout the United Kingdom, and to meet the universal demand for a thorough illustrated sporting journal at a popular price.

The paper will not deteriorate in the least as regards to the quality of the illustrations, and the inside pages will be improved upon from time to time to keep pace with the desires of the public. Our Turf news will be supplied by a gentleman who is prominently identified with the noted owners of racing stables, and from week to week we shal give the names of horses capable of winning the different races to be run. Our columns on pugilism will be written by a gentleman who has been in touch with the Fancy for the past twenty-five years both in England, America, and Australia, and the information imparte l in The Mirror of Life will be authentic. and constructed in a readable manner. Athletic sports, cricket, and sensational news will be supplied by proficient writers, and no effort will be spared to make the paper the most interesting one in the United Kingdom.

The Mirror of Life illustrations are principally the productions of wood engraving, therefore it is one of the most expensively constructed weeklies now in circulation. Only the ablest artists will be retained to make vivid and accurate sketches of the various incidents of interest which may occur from time to time.

No thorough-going sportsman, athlete, or boxer can afford to be without The Mirror of Life, and people who appreciate interesting and sensational reading wil have their wants supplied by the journal.

The Mirror of Life cannot be regarded as a luxury but an actual necessity, and those who wish to keep thoroughly posted on matters appertaining to the Turf, Boxing, or Athletics will find it invaluable as a guide and reference.

We feel confident that the reduction in price will meet with the approval of the sporting public. The paper shall at all times b just and fearless in its reading columns

In our last issue the success of Chalk's predictions was phenomenal, and those who are interested in Turf news will readily acknowledge that our racing reporter possesses an unlimited amount of knowledge of the game. The victory of Ladas, and Matchbox for a place, was a foregone conclusion, and the race won before it was really run, according to the universal opinion; therefore we would not care to blow our trumpet too long and loud over that selection; but we do point with pride to the success of Amiable and Mecca in the One Thousand Guineas, when about nearly every other purveyor of turf information were to a man for Jocasta. Ingebrigt, Wherwell, La Sagesse, Grey Leg, and Tours were by no means guess work, but but the result of careful study and inside information.

* * *

We shall let the good work continue, and will use our best efforts in naming winners in order that our readers may not go wrong when they feel in a speculative mood. When it comes to racing information, we are aware of the fact that the very best is none too good, hence our desire to supply the gilt-edged quality. It may not please the "bookies," but it is not the "bookies" we are catering for. We prefer the support of the British public—that's our position in regard to Racing and other news.

* * *

That the British public appreciate our efforts is best shown in the liberal support they have given our paper, though not quite six months old; countless numbers of letters of congratulations on producing the very best sporting paper extant have been received at our office, and we really feel proud of having the good-will of the people at large.

* * *

Fully a thousand letters have been received requesting us to place our paper at a price within the reach of all, and such urgent appeals we could not afford to overlook. We shall, therefore, put it at twopence per copy, and continue to give as spicy a journal—nay, a much better one, henceforth. The Mirror of Life, like good wine, improves with age, and we are confident that a year hence we shall have such a brilliant paper that The Mirror of Life will fill every requirement of the most exacting ones.

* * *

Mr. John Fleming is giving such interesting entertainments at the National Sporting Club of late, that the members are now prevailing upon him to induce Corbett and Jackson to decide their proposed match there in the autumn. You can lead a horse up to a watering trough, but we'll be —— if you can make him drink if he don't want to. So with the horse, so with the fighter. We shouldn't care to say that either Corbett or Jackson is dilatory about consummating final arrangements, but the actions of both certainly cause us to do a powerful lot of thinking. Our sentiments are voiced by the public. Who ever heard of an English club consenting to give a purse of £3,000 for a boxing match? Why, the very idea of it is causing the bones of Tom Sayers to rattle in their coffin. Both men have said they would fight at the National Sporting Club. Now, if they are disposed to do as they agree, let them interview or communicate with the proper person, and if they don't come pretty near having convincing proof that £3,000 will be "hung up," then we shall for ever hold our our peace on the subject.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

The following prominent sporting men were visitors to The Mirror of Life office during the past week:—Joe Harris, Australian bookmaker, known as the Globe Trotter; Tom Williams, 10st pugilist; Tom Burrows, champion club swinger; John Donaldson, sparring partner to Champion Corbett; Miss Florrie West, Bobby Gaylor, Billy Delaney, and John McVey, of the "Gentleman Jack" Company; Mr. Griffin, amateur champion wrestler; Tommy Blaylock, of Carlisle; Jim Walters, clever wrestler from Peckham; Mr. Will Hulse, of Nottingham, "him as can judge a fighting man."

ROBERT GAYLOR.

A Clever Irish Comedian who is Delighting English Audiences.

(With Portrait.)

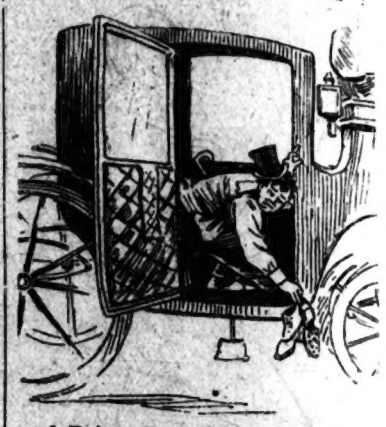
For Celtic wit, Bobby Gaylor reigns supreme in the United States, and the success he has scored in the Madison Square Garden scene of "Gentleman Jack" places him well up in the front ranks in this country, too. Bobby comes honestly by his brogue and wit, because his father was born at Kilkenny, and was well in his teens before he journeyed to the other side of the Atlantic. Though Bobby was born in America, he readily developed a brogue which placed the "onld man" in the shade. Being disappointed at his father's neglect to obtain political prominence, Bobby yearned to make the name of Gaylor famous, hence he became an Irish comedian. Twenty-two years ago he made his first appearance before an audience, doing Irish song and dance, and witty sayings. He scored a success, and has since been in demand by Tony Pastor, Reilly and Wood's, and the Howard Athenæum companies travelling through the States. Several seasons ago he conceived the idea of "starring" in a farce-comedy, and had written a play called "The Irish Arab." Well, the "Arab" caught on, and so did Bobby, so he brought out "Sport McAllister." He opens the season '94-'95 with "Sport McAllister," for eight weeks, and then begins with a new comedy, which will be known as "Boss Sweeney." Bobby, being the feature of the show, portrays a progressive Irishman, taken from the day he leaves the old country to attaining one of the foremost political positions in the United States.

He is original to a degree, and the take-off on a dance, in which he sings the changes, produces liberal applause. Those who have seen Bobby will no doubt appreciate the following cut representing him in asking the leader for a chord.

Just enough to bring me out.

* * *

Mr. Fleming extended Bobby an invitation to attend the meeting at the National Sporting Club, May 7. Dave Wallace and Fred Johnson were to box twenty rounds for a purse of £50. Bobby has plenty of sporting blood, though glove-fighting is a new departure for him. He noticed several gentlemen close to him making wagers, and odds of 5 to 4 were laid on Wallace. Joe Harris explained what the 5 to 4 on meant, so Bobby took up his station next the Globe Trotter in order to get posted on what was transpiring. To put on a bold front Bobby offered to take the short end, that being one of his weak points to look for the short end of everything. Harris told him his offer was accepted, and Bobby immediately dipped in his pocket for the four lonesome pieces of gold. He was promptly told, however, that amongst gentlemen it was not necessary to put up the money, but if he lost he could then hand over the sum, or if he won call on the gentleman to collect. "All you have to do is to nod," said Harris, "and you are on." "Faith and is that so?" says he. "Divil a nod I'll do to a soul on earth till I get clear of the club. It's great bizness, so it is." In the early rounds it looked a bit queer for Bobby's four pounds, because Johnson got plenty of medicine and looked like going to pieces. At the critical stages Gaylor would stick his hand in his trousers pocket and feel of the gold pieces as though bidding them adieu. "Johnson aint feeling any too well," said Bobby, "and that other lad has the divil's own look in his eyes, so he has, shure an' I don't mind the bet at all, but I hate to see that fellow murdering him." When the tide turned in Johnson's favour, Bobby was too uneasy to stay in one position, and when he was handed over the fiver there was no holding him back; every man Bobby met had to take a drink, and listen to his description of the battle. It is said he rode home in a brougham, and whilst the vehicle was drawing him toward the hotel, the door opened and



A Pair of Boots were dropped out.

We know that Bobby places his boots outside the door of his room at the hotel every night on retiring, to get polished, but whether Bobby imagined he was retiring or whether the boots cramped his feet, we don't know; we are told, though, that Bobby's entrance to the hotel was in stocking feet. Possibly he desired to enter cautiously and not disturb any of the guests. He can now relate about attending a glove contest, and how it feels to be a winner when risking money blindfolded.

TOMMY BLAYLOCK.

Champion Light-Weight Wrestler.

(With Portrait.)

This celebrated light-weight wrestler was born in Carlisle in 1867. He stands 5ft 6¼in, and weighs, when in condition, 9st 12lb. Although, comparatively speaking, a youngster in wrestling, *i.e.*, compared to such veterans as Steadman and Lowden, who are fast approaching the half-century, Blaylock has won a vast number of prizes. He made his first appearance at Carlisle in 1886.

In 1887 he won the 9st prize at Newcastle-on-Tyne; won the 10st at Bedlington; carried off the 10st at Wooler. The following year he won no less than seven trophies. The 10st cup at Morpeth, the Allweights at Leadgate, County Durham; third at Carlisle in a 10st (108 entry), and third in a 10st picked contest the same day. Wrestled a match with the celebrated Tommy McGee at Newcastle, the best of seven falls for £30 at catch weight. McGee weighed 10st 6½lb, and Blaylock 10st 0½lb. McGee gained four falls, Blaylock two. The same year, he won the 10st at Victoria, Garesfield, Co. Durham; took the 10st at Bedlington, in Northumberland, and won 10st and 12st prize at Quebec, Co. Durham. In 1889 he won three competitions at Geo. Graham's grounds; won the 10st at Pelton Fell, Co. Durham, carried off the 10st at Winlaton, Co. Durham, and second in the 12st. In 1890, won 10½st at Bedlington; won 10st at Morpeth; won 10st at Castle Eden, and second in 12st; won 10st at Whittingham, Northumberland, and took third in the 12st class, the famous John Robinson, champion of England, being the winner. Four prizes fell to his lot in 1891—the 10st at Shotley Bridge, Shelley's competition at Newcastle, the 10st at Quebec, Co. Durham, and second to Tommy McGee at Bedlington. In the same year wrestled a match with Joe Forster, of Newcastle, at Middlesbargh Circus, the best of five falls for £40, when Blaylock gained three falls in succession. There is nothing to record in 1892 beyond three prizes at Felling-on-Tyne; but in 1893 he carried off the allweights at the historic village of Otterburn; won the 12st at Rochester, Northumberland; third to Sandy Nixon, of Prudor, in the allweight at Manor Houses; wrestled Nixon a match for £10 (Nixon weighed 16st and Blaylock 10st 6lb) the best of three falls. Blaylock won by getting the second and third bouts. Blaylock, who has been in bad health for some time, has done very little in wrestling of late. He is now, however, convalescent, and is open to wrestle all comers in London at 10st, Cumberland and Westmoreland style. In June, with Jim Walters, catch weights, Cumberland and Westmoreland, best of five falls. Purse £10, £10 a-side (11st man), Montpelier Hall, Walworth.

Miss Newly: "I know nothing about the world."

Mrs. Chaperone: "That is immaterial. Does the world know anything about you?"

* * *

Twickenham: "How is your daughter's French tutor getting on with her?"

Bilter: "Very nicely. He has got so he can speak English first-rate."

* * *

Jaspar: "Jones is mighty sorry that he married a singer."

Jumpuppe: "Why?"

Jaspar: "She can scold up and down the scale without missing a note."

MEMOIRS OF HENRY PEARCE.

Scientifically denominated the Game Chicken, and one of the most heroic and humane champions of England, who not only added fresh laurels to the title, but never lost that distinguished appellation till it was wrested from him by that Conqueror of Conquerors—Death!

Nature, to some of her favourites, has been peculiarly bountiful in the distribution of her favours, uniting health, strength, and symmetry of form to grace the person of one individual; and also in adding those fine requisites to render the system complete in all its parts that have made her works so transcendently beautiful and towering over all the attempts of art. To her man is indebted for those sensibilities which outvalue mines of wealth, and likewise for the performance of those heroic actions which stamp him great.

It might be said of the Game Chicken that he was not only a favourite, but a pupil of the above deity, and who, in giving him a fine athletic form, strength, wind, and agility, had finely tempered those rare requisites with the most manly courage and sublime feeling. If ever greatness of soul raised the character of man, or humanity shone resplendant in the breast of a human being, a purer claim to those inestimable qualities was never witnessed than that of Henry Pearce.

His pretensions as a pugilist stood upon a proud eminence that few indeed can ever expect to attain. In possessing a thorough knowledge of the science he was equal, if not superior to all his competitors, and supported with strength almost Herculean, that enabled him either to receive the attacks of his adversary with the most steady composure, or put in his hits with giant like force. His wind was so truly excellent, that in all his battles he was scarcely ever seen much distressed; and for game or bottom unquestionably unrivalled, for his noble and daring spirit never dropped to cry enough! He had fought with men who ranked high as pugilistic heroes, and whose superior strength, gluttony and experience had rendered them truly formidable in the boxing list of candidates for fame. Bourke, whose ferocity and inordinate gluttony were not satisfied with four desperate millings from the potent arm of the renowned Jem Belcher, entered the lists with the Chicken, and in two dreadful combats was completely served out by the all-conquering Pearce, and carried away almost lifeless from the scene of action. Elias Spray, the coppersmith, whose reputation stood high as an experienced and bottom pugilist, and who was a most powerful man, and had gained several good battles; yet, when in competition with the Chicken, was rendered truly insignificant. Cart, of Birmingham, who had vanquished several prime milling coves, was, in the hands of Pearce, a mere plaything, and, while the Chicken showed scarcely any traces of the conflict, Cart miserably portrayed his want of judgment, and exhibited severe punishment. By the above victories Pearce had arrived at the very acme of perfection as a pugilist—his science was generally acknowledged as pre-eminent, and he now took the elevated seat, surrounded with glory, as the brave and noble champion of England. But he had not yet done enough to satisfy the sporting world that his claim to that proud title was indisputable, and he had again to enter the ring to evince further greatness, and more strongly to consolidate his fame and honour.

It is true that Pearce had completely disposed of Bourke, Spray, and Cart; but now a hero of no common stamp presented himself as a candidate for the dazzling palm his countrymen and his friend. But in the thirst for glory all distinctions are banished. In throwing down the gauntlet, Gulley's pretensions to pugilism were considered so excellent, that any eulogium here is perfectly unnecessary. On these boxers meeting, as might be expected, finer skill, greater courage, thorough bottom, and more general manliness, were never exhibited; and the champion, in receiving an additional brilliant to grace his cap, did not overlook his brave, but fallen competitor, by generously acknowledging "that he was the only man who had ever stood up to him, and that it was with some difficulty he now stood upon his legs." Gulley, although in defeat, had exhalted his fame; and the champion, in again ascending the chair, added additional dignity and lustre to the seat. But now, arriving at the very pinnacle of his greatness, flattering himself with peace and tranquility, his mind was disturbed by his dearest friend, his patron, and his tutor, who had drawn him from obscurity. One who had also been endeavouring to promote and establish his greatness in public life. But, it is said, growing jealous of his pupil's excellence and distinguished reputation, and not being content at enjoying his well and hard-earned laurels in peace and retirement, Jem, in an irritable moment when envy triumphed over reason, dared his pupil to the combat. This might be termed not only an unkind but an unnatural challenge. Two sworn and almost inseperable friends. The Chicken received the invitation with serious concern. Fear never entered his noble heart, and though a professed pugilist, yet he was not insensible to the afflicting circumstances of beating the man to whom he stood indebted for his eminence, his reputation, and everything he possessed in life. His manly nature grieved him at being thus situated. Reflection only made it worse; yet the calls of honour now rose superior to every other consideration, and nothing but to support his darling fame could have induced him to commence this forced set-to.

The battle was truly desperate, and the display of science unprecedented in the annals of pugilism. If ever there was a contest in which nobleness of soul and generosity of disposition were exemplified, the Game Chicken manifested it before thousands in the twelfth round. When Pearce threw Belcher upon the rope, and while his body was balancing in that unprotected, yet fair situation, the Chicken had an opportunity of ending the fight by one of his tremendous blows; but his generous mind spurned the committal of a deed that would have grieved his soul, and putting himself in an attitude to convince the spectators of the obvious chance that presented itself, and looking round the ring, pathetically exclaimed: "Ill tak no advantage of thee, Jim; I'll not hit thee—no, lest I hurt thine other eye!" In the sixteenth round, to his memory be it also recorded, he pursued the same magnanimous line of conduct. The audience were lost in admiration; and never was uttered a finer sentiment, or performed a nobler act more worthy of registering. While the sensibilities of our nature are awakened by those delicate touches of the art to respect and veneration for an imaginary personage—never let it be said by that mind who has strength enough to admire heroism and virtue wherever it comes across him that reality shall be passed over with silent neglect, or that the deeds even of a pugilist, when they are praiseworthy and laudable of imitation, shall not have justice done to them. Men of honour, here is a circumstance worthy of your notice. Sentimentalists, improve upon it if you can, and place it in a more conspicuous point of view; but pugilists, never let it be forgotten, even when the fight rages desperate, and an advantage should present itself (like the above), recollect that the brightest gem in your character is humanity. Then will ye remember Henry Pearce.

We are now arrived at that part of his life when description must fall short, and the pen of the most brilliant writer fail in doing justice to the merits of the case, in which Pearce proved himself almost more than mortal. In the month of November, 1807, a fire broke out at Mrs. Denzill's, a silk mercer, in Thomas Street, Bristol, and the flames had made such rapid progress that the servant of the house, a poor girl, who had retired to rest in the attic storey, was nearly enveloped in flames before she awoke to behold her dreadful situation. Frantic with despair, she presented herself at the window imploring help, her screams pierced the hearts of the spectators, who appeared rivetted with agony to the spot, expecting every moment the threatened destruction. But none moved; all were petrified with fear and horror. At length Pearce appeared in the crowd; he saw the life of a human being in danger, and felt the necessity of an immediate rescue, or all must be lost. As if inspired with a god-like spirit, by the aid of the adjoining house he reached the parapet, and, hanging over it, firmly grasped the wrists of the wretched girl. The multitude were lost in astonishment, and never did a more, if such an interesting moment present itself; hope, fear, and all the finer sensations of the mind were upon the utmost stretch in beholding the intrepidity of a man valuing no other consideration but that of delivering the object from its danger. The additional weight, added to the height from the parapet, was almost too much for the nearly exhausted exertions of Pearce, his mind agitated with not being able to keep his equilibrium; but

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,
"The valiant never taste of death but once!"

And so it proved; his brave heart leaped within him, and with a noble effort (as if an instrument in the hands of Providence) he drew his trembling charge from the window, placed her safe upon the parapet, and in an instant she out of all danger! Universal joy prevailed. The delighted and astonished multitude were lost in the ecstasy of the plaudits; and the almost lifeless sufferer clinging round the knees of her deliverer, invoked blessings on his name. This was the happiest moment of Pearce's life. The shouts of victory, and the flattering praises that had so often attended him in the field of honour, were mere shadows to this feeling compared with that of an improving conscience. Yet this was the act of a pugilist! and one who had entered the field to obtain a purse of gold as a prize-fighter. Yet, in all those engagements he had a choice left in leaving that ring whenever danger pointed out the necessity of withdrawing from it. But here was no gold to tempt him to risk his life, which was placed in the most imminent peril, and with scarcely a chance of success. The smallest deviation of balance must have precipitated him headlong to destruction, and no opportunity of retreating from the consequences. The gallant soldier in mounting the forlorn hope, and the hardy tar in boarding the ships of the enemy, are stimulated by a thirst of glory and love of country, that prompts them to those deeds of heroism; but Pearce was actuated by no other motive than that of feeling. Never did human nature appear with so much real grandeur and unaffected dignity; and that "recording angel" who dropped a tear and blotted out for ever an intemperate expression, we sincerely trust may be affected by the same sort of sympathy in obliterating the past deeds of a man, that when the book is opened the name of Pearce shall stand free from imputation.

To the honour of the sporting world be it spoken, an immediate subscription was entered into to reward such unparalleled heroism.

It was at the house of Mr. Neale on Sunday, April 30, 1809, that the Game Chicken departed from this life. His fortitude never forsook him, and, in the most afflicting moments he displayed calmness and resignation; he experienced no terrors from his approaching end, but expressed a wish to die in friendship with all mankind. His habits of life had rendered him unacquainted with the different systems of religions; but he was strongly impressed that there was "another and a better world!" and, in his probation to it he trusted in the consolation of the sincere Christian, that "God would be merciful to him as a sinner!"

He expressed a strong desire that he might be buried by the side of Bill Warr, in St. James's burying-ground, Pancras, and entertained an idea that "ultimately they might be able to converse together in another place." His wish was complied with respecting his interment.

Pearce was 5ft 9in in height, weighed 12st. and was nearly 32 years of age when he died.

MOONSHINERS CAPTURED BY SURPRISE.

A Lawless Set which Terrorised the Revenue Officers in America.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A lawless set of moonshiners were taken by surprise recently near Covington, Kentucky. They have been the terror of the United States Revenue officers for several years past, and many attempts have been made to secure the illicit whisky distillers, but without success. The still is located on the top of a mountain, and in order to reach the spot it is necessary to pass two cabins occupied by the families of the outlaws. Anyone seen to approach the place were generally called to a halt, and a signal given for the men operating the still to escape in the woods which are surrounded by a rocky piece of territory. "A few days ago," says a cablegram, "two Revenue inspectors, by poisoning the dogs who kept guard at night, managed to secrete themselves close by, and when favoured by daylight, and, catching the men unarmed, they wounded two of them and held the remaining four at bay till a mounted squad rode up the mountain. Six men were captured, and, after being handcuffed, marched down the mountain to the town and placed in gaol. On passing the cabins the women pleaded for the release of the men, but their appeals were of no avail, and the lawless gang will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law."

HE WAS A FAVOURITE.

A Boot and Shoe Salesman who knows his Business.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the southern district of London there is a mammoth boot and shoe shop, and the salesmen employed there are paid a commission on their sales. Young women who are employed at business find the shop an excellent place to purchase their footgear, because of the low prices charged for the goods. One of the salesmen appears to be in demand by the young women who will wait their turn on Saturday night, in order that their favourite can serve them with what they require. The secret of his success has come to light. Being quite good looking and a plausible talker he will invariably flatter the women on their small and shapely feet, however large they may be. Once he takes off a boot to measure the size he will give the foot a squeeze, comment on the high instep, and remark that a number two shoe would just suit the number six foot. If there is one thing a woman is proud of it is a small foot, and it would be a hard matter to find one to acknowledge that a six boot would be a snug fit. The salesman knows this, and while he will try on a six boot it will never, according to his say, be above a number three. He can flatter them to perfection, and it is not an infrequent occurrence to find several women ignore the other salesmen and wait in turn for their favourite. It's business with him, and he makes it pay handsomely too.

JOHN HIGGINS.

A Lancashire Lad who Challenges the World at Jumping.

(With Portrait.)

John Higgins, of Blackburn, Lancashire, challenges the world to an all-round jumping contest for £1,000. Though but 22 years of age, he has been before the public as a jumper since 1889, during which time he has won no less than seventeen matches. He has also won a ten-guinea cup at the Gaiety Theatre, Oldham; an £8 10s. handicap at the same town, disposing of Parker, Knott, and all the best jumpers of Lancashire.

The match which gave him the most prominence was against Joe Darby, at the Moorfield Grounds, Failsworth, July 22, 1893. In a standing hop, two strides, and jump, he cleared 46ft. 8in., and won beating Darby by 24½in., and lowering the best previous record by 1ft. 5in.

Higgins offers any man in the world twelve feet start in twelve jumps; he holds several records, and is also adept at fancy and trick jumping, which forms his exhibition programme when appearing at theatres.

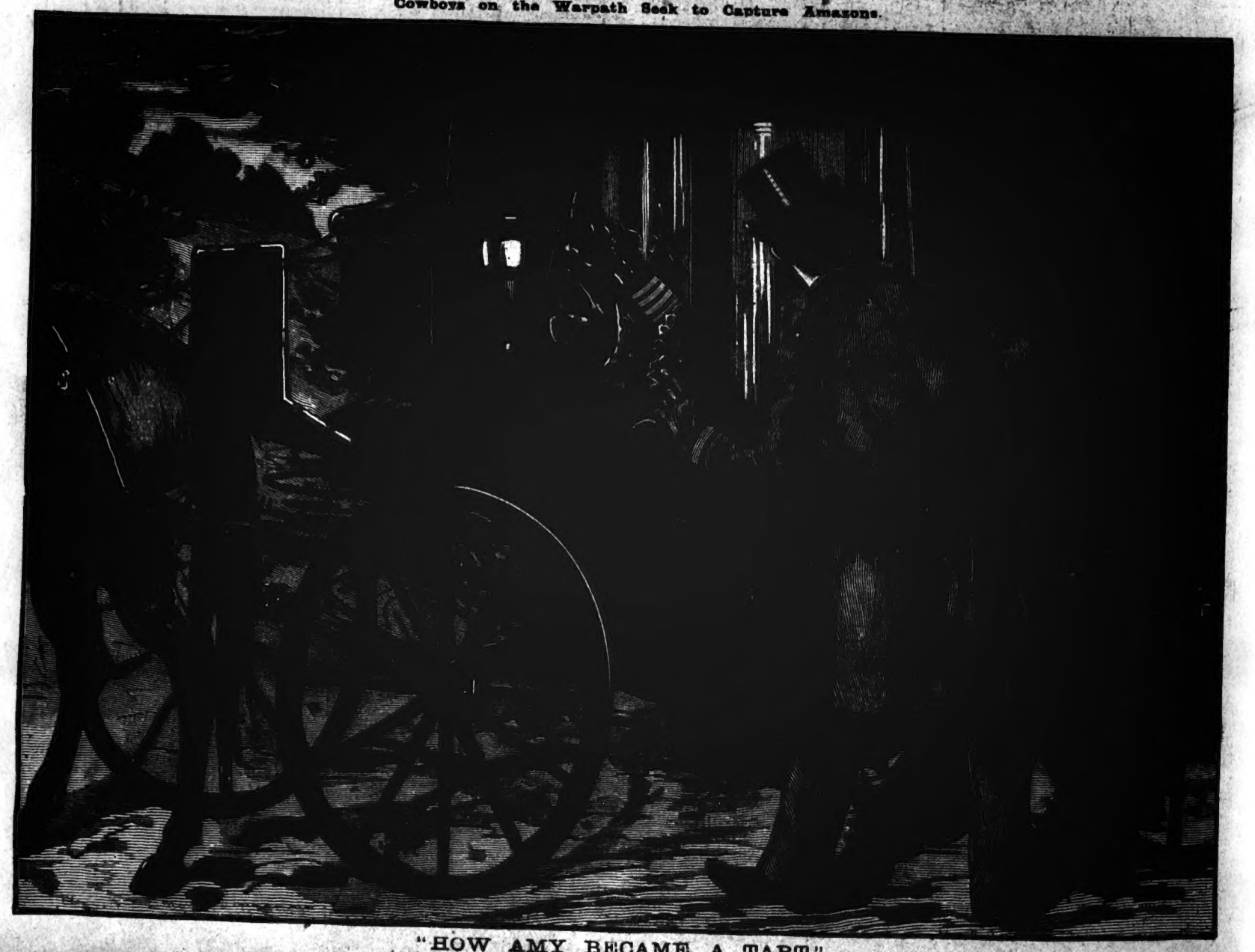
THE CLERGYMAN ABROAD.

How Clerical Visitors from the States Play High Jinks on a Foreign Shore.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Americans are under the impression that when clergymen visit this side of the Atlantic Ocean the sole object of their trip is to inspect the churches in England and on the Continent and places of classic interest, but in many instances the Yankees are sadly fooled. There are clergymen who preach because their souls are wrapt up in benefiting mankind. They, however, are few and far between, the majority of them hailing from abroad being in it for the money there is in the business; consequently, they don't practise what they preach. Follow up one of the parsons who talk visiting this country, and it is safe betting that on the steamer coming over you will see him cuddling up to some fair maiden, breathing words of love in the innocent's ear. He is having a rest, and a good one, too, because on reaching London the atmosphere becomes so dry that bottle after bottle of wine is disposed of to quench the thirst. Switzerland is a romantic place to go, but what would be the attraction there unless he was pretty sure he could commune with a fair Swiss girl, and picture out a brilliant future? He conveys the idea that the best way to reform gambling at Monaco is to break the bank, and whilst we have never heard of a parson breaking the bank at Monte Carlo, still we are fully aware of the fact that many a shilling gathered in the contribution-box has finally found a resting-place on the green cloth. When in Paris the pulpit is entirely forgotten, and revelry with the sirens is indulged in. They are human same as other men, and how could they resist the temptation of a night or two out? It is purely recreation, but, oh! how lovely, and so tiresome, too! Nevertheless the trip is an enjoyable one, and whilst the congregations are praying for a safe and speedy return the dignified gentlemen are crowding the limit of the time, and reluctantly return. Back to the fold at home is usually a touching scene. The parson declares he is happy to get home, but he ain't; he wishes he could have stayed away double the length of time, and looks forward to his next trip abroad. It is hypocrisy, but so long as the congregation are kept in ignorance all goes well!

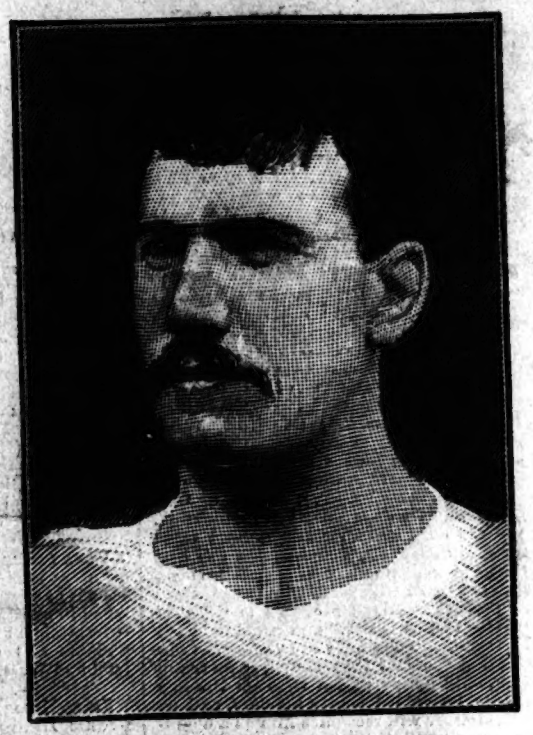
LASSOED THE PRETTY ONES.
Cowboys on the Warpath Seek to Capture Amazons.



"HOW AMY BECAME A TART."
A Midnight Ride to Epping Forest and its Consequences.

AFRAID TO TRUST HIS LADY LOVE.

A Young Man Cautions a Girl to Prevent Her Dancing.



TOMMY BLAYLOCK.

Champion Light-Weight Wrestler.

FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

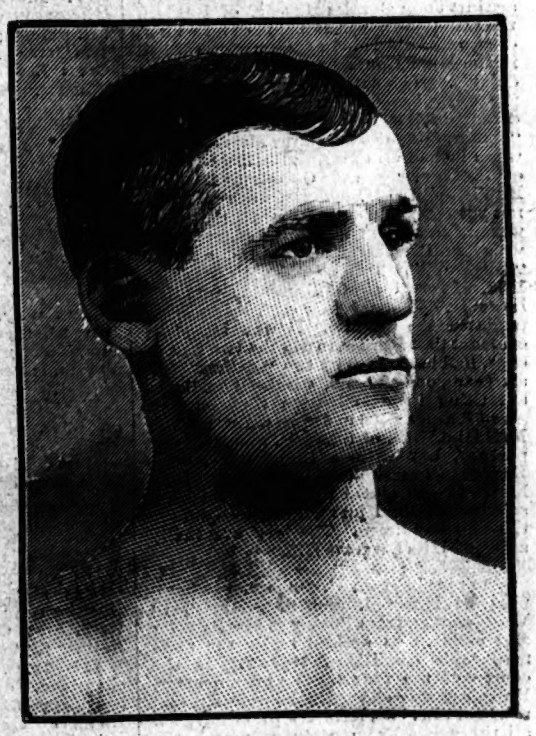
How Two Vagabonds Secured a New Silk Hat.

DOMINICK McCAFFREY.

A Well-known Sparring Instructor of New York.

SHE TOOK NO CHANCES.

A Lady who Set Out to Get Married Refused a Postponement.



SAM BLAKELOCK.

Clever Boxer and Trainer.

HONEST SPORTS.

Shaving Championship.

Wick to Compete.

Rymer's Declaration.

Harper's Expensive Promise.

Bubear Easily Defeats Emmett.

MR. TEDDY WICK, champion rapid shaver, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, May 7, and requested us to induce James Rymer, the Mile End Marvel, and other prospective competitors for the shaving championship, to consent to the contest occurring in June. Mr. Wick is unable to contend in any match because of his daughter's engagements at the various music halls in the provinces. He feels confident he is good enough to beat any of the aspirants to championship honours at rapid shaving, and is desirous of winning the handsome ten guinea trophy which THE MIRROR OF LIFE will present to the successful candidate. Wick is surprised that Lloyd don't come forward and enter, and conveys the idea that the Fulham man is afraid to meet him or Rymer with practical men as judges and referee. Lloyd pretends to say that "Wick is a bad loser," and could gain but little credit to duplicate the victory. Considering the fact that Lloyd, if he really won, only barely pulled through the last match, he gained empty honours, and no hair-dresser will recognise him as a champion until such times as he wins a contest against Wick and Rymer with practical and experienced men as officials.

James Rymer expresses himself to the effect that Lloyd and the supposed "crack" shavers are

Running away from Rymer.

and while he believes Wick will meet him he has given up all hope of Lloyd ever being inveigled into an open competition where actual merit will be productive of a victory. Rymer declares that his record of shaving 100 men in 48min 40sec is the stumbling block which prevents Lloyd from entering into an impartial agreement where the best man will win.

* * *

THE Under Sheriff of Nottingham sat on May 9 at the Nottingham Guildhall with a jury to assess damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Harriett Seagrave, aged twenty-four, hosiery machinist, of Bulwell, Notts, against John Charles Harper, of Bulwell, the well-known sprint runner and winner of two Sheffild Handicaps. Judgment had in the High Court been allowed to go by default. The parties became engaged at the early age of sixteen, and eventually defendant, who was being kept by a "gaffer," promised to marry Miss Seagrave when he had won his first Sheffield Handicap. Harper won the Christmas Sheffield Handicap in 1891, but excused himself for not yet marrying on the ground that they were still too young. Plaintiff consented to wait until Harper had won another "Sheffield," which he did at Christmas, 1893. Instead of fulfilling his promise, however, defendant grew cool, and now repudiated the promise. It was stated in evidence that Harper, to win the two handicaps, had been kept by two "gaffers" for six years, one of them, a Bulwell publican, admitting in examination that he had given Harper £400 under an agreement. A Mr. Hinchliffe, of Sheffield, was the other partner, but witness could not say if Harper had received a similar amount from him. It was stated that defendant himself had realised just £1,000 by winning the two handicaps. The jury eventually awarded Miss Seagrave £75.

* * *

THE race between G. Bubear, ex-champion of England, and S. Emmett, of Wandsworth, from Putney to Mortlake for £50 a-side, was decided under the most favourable conditions, May 7. In the course of the four miles and a quarter, Bubear clearly showed his superiority, and rowing in his best form he practically led all through. From Putney dummy the ex-champion went away rapidly, and was well clear after passing Bishop's Creek, and on completion of the mile it was little more than a procession. Hammersmith Bridge was shot in 9min 54sec and 10min 7sec respectively, Chiswick Church, 16min 3sec and 16min 18sec, with a gap of 10 clear lengths; Barnes Bridge, 21min 20sec and 21min 23sec, and Bubear finally paddled home the easiest of winners by tbtee clear lengths in 25min 26sec. The winner was a strong favourite at 5 to 2 on.

* * *

ON May 8 a race, which created considerable local interest amongst the postmen of the south-west and Hammersmith offices, was decided, four-oared crews from the division meeting in a race for £10 a-side, the course being from Putney to Hammersmith Bridge. The result was as follows:—South-western crew: H. Durnell (bow), A. Underwood, G. Mealing, W. C. Clark (stroke), and Healey (cox.), 1; Hammersmith crew: J. Spires (bow), C. Morath, F. Morath, F. Beckett (stroke), J. H. Humphries (Hosmer) (cox.), 2. Both fours kept close company up to the end of the wall, when Clark drew to the front, and, holding the lead to the finish, won by barely a length clear.

* * *

TOMMY BLAYLOCK, the clever North-country wrestler, is to be tendered a benefit at Montpelier Music Hall June 7, when in addition to a variety and athletic entertainment he will meet Jim Walters in a match of best in five falls at Cumberland and Westmoreland style for £10.

* * *

JAMES KNIGHT and Con Griffiths are to wrestle Lancashire style the best of five falls, near London, in June, for £10 a-side.

* * *

HARRY WILLIAMS, of Hammersmith, is open to lift against the Brothers Stanley, of Fulham, feat against feat, with legitimate weights, for from £10 up to £50 a-side, and Mr. Walter Cook, of the Globe, King's Road, Chelsea, will present the winner with a handsome tea and coffee service.

* * *

THE match for £100 and the Draughts Championship between James Wyllie, the Herd Laddie, and James Ferrie, of Coatdyke, was brought to a decision May 8, when, after 24 days' play, Ferrie won by scoring 13 wins, 6 losses, and 69 draws.

* * *

A NURR and spell match, for £50, between John Brown, of Barnsley, and H. Mitchell, of Bowling, near Bradford, was decided at Queen's Grounds, Barnsley, May 5. Mitchell received five score start. A dispute arose during the match, and as Mitchell declined to finish the stakes were awarded Brown. The score:—Brown: 8, 11, 0, 11, 9—39; 8, 9, 11, 13, 1—42; 10, 11, 10, 8, 9—48; 12, 9, 11, 11, 3—51; 11, 10, 11, 9, 11—52; 11, 11, 12, 11, 9—54.—Total, 286. Mitchell: 0, 8, 8, 10, 0—26; 11, 8, 6, 8, 11—44; 9, 6, 11, 10, 11—47; 10, 10, 13, 11, 11—55; 10, 12, 10, 10, 11—53; 10, 11—Total for 27 rises, with five score start, 251. Thos. Horson, Chapletown, was the referee and stakeholder.

* * *

THE friends of Tommy Blaylock, the champion 10st wrestler at Cumberland and Westmoreland styles, propose making the testimonial tendered to their favourite at Montpelier Music Hall, Walworth Road, on Thursday, June 7, a rousing success. Mr. Edwards will give a silver cup to be wrestled for by amateurs, and also a purse for Walters to meet Blaylock. Aside from the music-hall talent to appear, the following wrestlers are to contend:—Tom Atkinson v. John Brough; Con Griffiths v. W. Clark; Jim Abbott v. W. Fauks; Fred Blinkarn v. J. Winters; Curly Thompson v. Tom Noble; Mr. Hilton v. Mr. Palmer; Jim Feddon v. J. Weedy; W. Carver v. W. Chipchase; W. Dees v. Cross Buttocker; and Blaylock v. Jim Walters. The sparring talent will be represented by Dick Burge, Arthur Valentine, Bob Kirby, Alf Suffolk, A. Guttridge, Jem Kendrick, A. Newton, Jack Wannop, Alec Young, Harry Oliver, Dick Hook, Jack Natty, and others. Bob Kirby and Dave Jones will act as master of ceremonies.

* * *

MR. CHAS. ABSOLON, now 77 years old, and who has been playing cricket for sixty-five years, while playing for the Smithfield Rovers Club, at Blackheath, against the Onward, May 8, took eight wickets for forty-three runs—six clean bowled. The veteran is still hale and hearty.

* * *

W. G. GRACE, jun., a son of the veteran cricketer, seems to be a chip of the old block. Playing for Pembroke College against Christ College at Cambridge, May 9, he scored a brilliant innings of 126, which included thirteen fours and eighteen threes.

* * *

AT the Vélodrome Buffalo in Paris, May 9, the principal event, a twenty-five kilometres race, in which French, British, American and German competitors entered, was won by Wheeler, America. Neither Linton nor Lumsden started.

At 5.32 p.m. Charles Terront, the French champion, appeared in the enclosure, having just finished his ride from Rome. He had covered a distance of about 1,120 miles in six days 13½ hours, under most adverse conditions.

THE Duke of Westminster is very fond of Bullingdon's chance in the Derby, and the son of Melton is to be tried with Grey Leg.

* * *

THE original Ladas was a man. He was a courier atrached to the staff of Alexander the Great, and obtained a crown at Olympia. His fame was perpetuated by a brazen statue erected on the banks of the Eurotus.

* * *

LADAS AND OWNER.—Ladas' number on race card, 7; Lord Rosebery born 1847, was therefore forty-seven years of age on May 7. Remarkably funny, but nevertheless true.

* * *

IT is an event of a life time to see a Prime Minister win one of the classic races. Only one Prime Minister has ever won the Derby, this being the Duke of Grafton. His grace's victories were respectively gained in 1802, 1809, and 1810. It was in 1809 that the first Two Thousand Guineas was run, and whether the Duke of Grafton alluded to above won the big Newmarket classic it is difficult to say, but presumably not, as he was sixty-six when Tyrant won the Derby in 1802, and the Guineas was not credited to the house of Grafton until 1820, so that it would appear that it was the Prime Minister's son who won in three successive years with Pindarie, Reginald, Patille, and a few years later with Dervise and Turcoman.

* * *

NEXT to being a Prime Minister it is best to be a jockey. Watts received a present of £500 for riding Ladas to victory in the Guineas. White's present after he had steered the colt in the Middle Park Plate was £300.

* * *

AN amusing little set-to between an owner and a bookmaker was witnessed, says a contemporary, by a few friends of the principals in a Chester hotel on the night before the Cup. It appears that the redoubtable "Chippy Norton" laid Mr. Hanbury an even "monkey" against Cabin Boy for a place. A glass of wine was proposed, and over it Hanbury said, "You're a bit of a scrapper, are'nt you, Bull?" or words to that effect. The burly bettor acknowledged the impeachment, whereupon he was invited to step upstairs, peel, and "put 'em up." It was a very lively bout whilst its lasted, and ended in the inevitable draw, though we are told that on the following evening, after "Chippy" had won the Cabin Boy bet, he called round and expessed his willingness to have three more rounds "to make it a thousand or nothing."

* * *

SUPPORTERS of cricket in the West of England are much disappointed at the results of the Gloucester and Somerset colts' matches, as of the forty-four aspirants to fame who took part in these contests, not one showed any approach to county "form." This is the more to be regretted, as Gloucester are at present sadly in want of some fresh bowling talent, but they will now have to get through the season as best they can with the same trundlers as did duty in the team last season. Somerset, on the contrary, are fairly strong in bowling with Woods, Tyler, and Nicholls. They will, however, be weak in batting in the early part of the season, as Challen, R. Palairet, and others will not be available before the middle of July, and the vacancy caused by Hewitt's retirement will be very difficult to fill.

* * *

THE London Baseball Association lately formed under the Presidency of Mr. R. G. Knowles, the well-known music-hall singer, opened its new park at Hyde Farm, Balham, on May 10, with a match between sides selected from the four teams now playing the national American game in London. There were about three hundred spectators, and although rain interfered more than once with the game it did not interfere with their enthusiasm. Mr. Knowles is throwing himself heart and soul into his task, and means to make baseball popular over here, or to perish in the attempt. He will succeed in doing one or the other; and he does not look like perishing just now.

THE MERCHANT: "You say you are an accomplished correspondent and letter writer. You have had experience, then?"

The Applicant: "Well, I guess yes. Fourteen years a prize-ring pugilist."

* * *

MARIE: "Why, how tight you wear your corsets? I never could enjoy anything I ate if I wore mine as tight as you do."

Myrtylla: "Grace before meat, you know."

* * *

"HAVE you any young ladies in the house that play upon the piano?"

Landlady: "No."

"Not any that sing?"

Landlady: "Not one."

"No children that recite?"

Landlady: "The last one has gone."

"Well, it would be most too much like heaven. I'm afraid it wouldn't be home like."

WHY WILLIE GOT ANGRY.

The Dog Caused Him to be Ejected, and Two Sports Stole His Girl.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A LITTLE adventure occurred the other night in a café not a great distance from Charing Cross. It was after the theatres were out. This particular dining room is very popular with a certain class of sporty patrons, and among the crowd of gaily dressed people who were seeking refreshment there were a nice young man and a fashionably dressed lady. The nice young man rejoices in the front name of Willie. The couple took up their seats in the extreme end of the café, and, after giving an order for refreshments, Willie excused himself and disappeared to respond to the calls of nature. Two well-known men about town entered, in the meanwhile, and took seats at the same table, opening up a conversation with the lady. When Willie returned, he demanded an explanation which was promptly forthcoming. Willie had his suspicions aroused, and declined to take kindly to the intruders, who were carrying on a conversation rather too familiar with the lady to suit his ideas of etiquette, so he eyed his rivals for a moment and then determined to get rid of them by putting up a cold bluff. Approaching one of them Willie said: "Do you know who I am?"

Not a word was uttered in reply, and a moment later Willie, using his deep bass voice with good effect, continued, "I am a sporting man and a boxer."

By this time the young lady got a trifle uneasy and begged Willie not to resort to violence. Willie's declaration did not "phase" the real sports a little bit, but, considering it a good joke they thought it would afford them some amusement to let Willie have a little more leeway. This caused Willie to grow bolder, and he insisted on a fight. He became so insulting in his manner that one of the pair gave a whistle, and in pops a dog, which they both set on Willie. The dog being bred from fighting stock jumped at Willie's throat. This made him scream for help, and when the waiter appeared on the scene he demanded immediate payment for what had been ordered, and put Willie and the dog out of the place. The lady remained behind and, with her two sporting friends, enjoyed a huge repast at the expense of Willie. The dog knew his business and waited outside for the trio to get through, whilst Willie had the satisfaction of going home lighter in pocket but wiser in experience.

MAXEY HAUGH.

The American who Challenges the World at 7st 12lb.

(With Portrait.)

MAXEY HAUGH, champion 7st 12lb pugilist of America, was born at Brooklyn, New York, of Irish parents, in 1873, and first gained notoriety as a pugilist in 1889, when he fought Billy Steele to a fifteen-round draw. He subsequently defeated Mike Reilly, 6 rounds; Tom Patton 3 rounds; Charley White, 3 rounds; Eddie Simms, 4 rounds; Eddie Conklin, 3 rounds; Pat O'Brien, 6 rounds; defeated by Danny McBride in 15 rounds; defeated B. Ross, 3 rounds; Jack Little, 3 rounds; Jack Burge, 4 rounds; Andy Carr, 11 rounds; T. McAllister, 6 rounds; J. Dillon, 3 rounds; T. McManus, 8 rounds; W. Bagley, 2 rounds; J. Ford, 3 rounds; Eddie Alford, 4 rounds; Gene Garcia, 5 rounds; Patsy Donnelly, 9 rounds; Charley White, 3 rounds; 'Swipes, the newsboy, 6 rounds; Pat Carney, 2 rounds; drew with Tim Murphy, 4 rounds; C. Kamp, 2 rounds; defeated Dave Ross, Boston, 6 rounds; J. Donovan, 2 rounds; Eddie Avery, 3 rounds; J. Hannon, 2 rounds; lost to Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, 4 rounds; Billy Henry, 2 rounds. Haugh's most prominent contests were those with Tommy Creed, whom he defeated in 50 rounds in the Buffalo A. C., and his easy win over Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, whom he defeated in 6sec at Buffalo, N. Y., the shortest fight on record.

Haugh challenges any man in the world to fight him at 7st 12lb for a suitable purse and a side bet to a finish.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

IN purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

COMMON GOSSIP.

Mr. George Ratcliffe Keeling, surgeon dentist, of Epsom, asked on May 9 for a dissolution of his marriage. His wife was Miss Ellen Elizabeth Potter, daughter of the late trainer. Counsel said the marriage did not turn out a happy one, Mrs. Keeling, preferring the society of jockeys and trainers to that of her husband. The parties eventually separated, and respondent went to live with her mother and met the correspondent, Mr. Harry Constable Palmer, who was well known in turf circles, and was a lodger there. Some litigation occurred between the respondent's mother and Mr. Palmer which led to rumours being spread about Epsom. Enquiries were made, and it then transpired that Mrs. Keeling and Mr. Palmer had stayed at a restaurant in the Strand. There was no defence, and his lordship granted a decree nisi, with costs.

* * *

The Courts in Edinburgh will have before them shortly the divorce suit of a young Scotch laird and ex-officer of the Guards, which will probably create no small stir in political and social circles. The co-respondent in the case is said to be a young, rich English nobleman, who at one time was not without ambition of political life. The lady is young, and is well known as a society belle. The story of the alleged elopement is said to be of a romantic character. The husband is averred to have come up with the fugitives at Naples, and a promise of marriage is said to have been exacted from the nobleman in lieu of a duel à l'outrance.

* * *

Leaving her home in Devonshire, a young woman, named Jane Hoskins, came up to London to find a situation, and was eventually engaged as barmaid at the New Inn, Edgware Road. At Marylebone she summoned Tom Moore, the landlord, for assaulting her. She alleged that when in her bedroom during the morning defendant entered without knocking, kissed her, and then assaulted her.

Defendant, who elected to give evidence, admitted the kisses, but denied the more serious allegations, and said the girl encouraged him first by digging him in the ribs as he passed her on the stairs. Cross-examined: His wife was taking proceedings against him for a separation. After some fencing, defendant admitted that he was intimate with one of his barmaids named Green when he kept the Rose and Crown, Lisson Street.

The magistrate said he was certain there had been perjury committed, and ordered defendant's committal for trial.

* * *

Robert Thomas Young, rough-tongued, Lancashire wheelwright, married his lass in 1881. Lived at Tarvin. Next year Young went to Chester to work. Mr. Hulse, a neighbour, got up early one morning. Saw a light in Young's house. Thought it strange. Climbed convenient wall and looked into the bedroom. Saw a young gentleman named Wooley making love to Mrs. Young. Four o'clock in the morning Wooley left the house, affectionately kissing his love. Child subsequently born. Everything quite clear to judicial mind. Decree nisi.

* * *

Twenty-one years of happy married life, nine children, and then a matrimonial tumble. Mr. and Mrs. George Jeffries, of Birmingham, were happy with their family, the eldest of whom is twenty. Great friend was Mrs. Susan Newton, matron at Fever Hospital, Muswell Hill. Mrs. Jeffries thought her husband visited the matron rather too often. "Oh, dear no," said Mr. Jeffries. "I go to see her as a friend. I am suffering from nervousness, and she administers an electric current to me." But then you went to Jersey with her.—Yes, but I was ill, and she was my nurse.—Then she came and lived at Birmingham, and you took lodgings for her.—"My dear wife, it was simply because she was our friend." Guarrels, recriminations, separation! Mrs. Newton lived ostensibly with Mr. Jeffries as housekeeper. Landlady thought otherwise, and commanded them not to darken her door again. So Jeffries provided Mrs. Newton with a room at his office. He sent her eels, flowers, young potatoes, and bananas. These, of course, were but platonic offerings.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Blackmore, the well-known theatrical agent and manager of the Trafalgar Theatre, died at his residence at Twickenham, May 9, from pneumonia, after a week's illness.

* * *

During a tight-rope performance at the Paragon Music-hall a chair fell and struck Mrs. Welsh, who was seated below, there being no net as a protection at that spot. In an action against the company owning the hall, Mr. Justice Mathew awarded her £100 damages.

* * *

The Gainsborough police raided the Yarborough Arms and apprehended the landlord, Geo. Wildman, who is accused of keeping a betting house. A large number of documents relative to betting transactions were seized. It is alleged that policemen in disguise had visited the premises, made bets with the landlord, and received payment. Accused was on May 10 remanded on heavy bail.

* * *

The Anti-Gambling Association has now perfected its programme for the purpose of testing the legality of the keeping of racecourses and racehorses. The subject has for a long time occupied the attention of those connected with the institution, and a prosecution will shortly be commenced in one of the minor courts against a certain individual for breaches of the Gambling Act. It is probable that both the owners of a certain racecourse and the keepers of racehorses running thereon will be at the same time charged with breaches of the Act.

* * *

Jabez Balfour has made an application to the Courts to be set at liberty, basing his demand on the Argentine Statute of Limitations regarding unproved offences and the fact that the Extradition Treaty with Great Britain is not retroactive. He also claims damages for illegal imprisonment.

* * *

As a sequel to the Hanover gambling trial, in which a number of officers were concerned, the Provisional Court at Hanover, on May 10, passed sentence on three individuals who were charged with exacting exorbitant interest from their clients. A financial agent named Wildenow was condemned to three years' imprisonment, and to suffer in addition five years' loss of civil rights, while sentence of two years' imprisonment and three years' loss of civil rights was passed on a cigar merchant named Michael Mosterts.

OUTLAWRY IN AMERICA.

A Desperado Murdered and Cast into a Den of Snakes.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"The Indian Territory, parts of Arkansas and Kansas, and No Man's Land have been, are, and will be in the immediate future, the stamping ground of outlaws of the Claude Duval and Jesse James stripe," writes a correspondent from the Western part of the United States. "During the last ten years these sections have witnessed the rise and fall of scores of desperadoes, about whose lives there hangs a glamour of romance. The James and Younger boys maintained their freedom for the greatest time, but with the capture of the latter and the death of Jesse the band was broken up, and their successors have never been able to maintain the standard of outlawry set by these men.

"In the latter part of the '70s Sam Bass, a lone highwayman, made life miserable for travellers and officers, and his final capture, after a desperate fight, was hailed with delight throughout the entire West.

"Close upon his heels followed the O'Connell gang, organised and raiding in and around the Chicasaw Nation, immediately surrounding Purcell. However, as they confined themselves mostly to stealing cattle, sheep, and horses, they were not particularly dangerous to life and liberty. A part of them were killed, and their leader, Tom O'Connell, was captured. He was tried in Wichita, and is now serving a long term in the coal mines at the Lansing Prison.

"Another prominent criminal, who is now working side by side with O'Connell in the prison mines, is Ben Wade. Ben was an unromantic outlaw, however, and the most gushing criminal-worshipping maiden would find it hard to admire him or his thieving raids. He had the bad taste to steal hogs from Kansas farmers, run them over into the Indian country, fatten them, and sell them in Missouri. He was captured, and a federal judge presented him with a long term.

"A really romantic and picturesque figure was George Stevens. He was an educated Southerner of the Chesterfield order, and, not strange to say, had a beautiful wife, who preferred to share his exciting and disgraceful career to marrying some respectable man of better habits. Their end was tragic. For a year or more Capt. Stevens, assisted by two negro brutes, named July Monday and Bully July, terrorised the Territory. They stole horses and cattle, robbed stages, waylaid travellers. Suddenly their depredations ceased. This calm was unaccountable, until one day July Monday was found murdered at Purcell, and his Indian mistress informed the officers that his death lay at the door of Bully July, and that Stevens had been murdered by two desperate criminals and thrown in a den

Amongst Snakes in the Mountains.

"The place was visited by a posse, and, sure enough, there lay Stevens, with snakes cajoling about the dead body. After George Stevens, Belle Starr sprang into prominence. During the late war she was a Confederate spy. She afterwards married a Union officer. She drifted west and became the mistress of Cole Younger. By him she had a daughter, who grew to be a beautiful woman, now a favourite among the young bloods at Fort Smith, Ark. Cole Younger was captured while on a raid in Minnesota, and is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary at Stillwater. Then Belle became a faro bank queen on he bord er. She flitted from place to place, finally winding up in the Indian territory as the mistress of Jim Starr, a noted and desperate Indian. Here she distinguished herself as a rider and roper, and as a shot had few equals. Desperate and lawless, she became a terror, and killed many men in bar-room fights. It was pretty generally believed that she was the leader of a notorious band of express robbers then operating in the West. She was ambuscaded and killed several years ago while riding in the mountains, after having escorted her husband to a border gambling town. Some one shot her from behind a tree, and her assassin has never been identified.

"Tom King is the name of a woman desperado who is still at large and a terror to the officers of Oklahoma. She is somewhat on the order of Jack Sheppard, from the fact that no jail appears to be strong enough to hold her. It was only two months ago that she made her escape from El Reno, O.T., in broad daylight. She is prepossessing in appearance, fearless as a Comanche, a dead shot, a skillful rider, and a plausible talker. Her mania is to steal horses, not for gain, but out of pure maliciousness. She will ride an animal until she gets tired of it, and then turn it over to some poor settler. In this way the frontiersmen became her friends, and helped to shield and protect her. Once at a ball at Paul's Valley, Chickasaw country, she danced with a deputy marshall who had a warrant for her arrest in his pocket. She asked the officer to meet her outside after the dance, when she promised to point out Tom King. When the officer arrived he found the girl mounted upon his own horse. She robbed him of his pistols, papers, and money, and then rode away. One day she will appear as a dashing cowboy—trousers, sombrero, corduroy coat and all. Again she will be heard of as a bewitching book agent, peddling tracts among the Indians. Then she rigs herself out as an Indian squaw or buck. Her diguises are endless in variety, and the officers profess to fear her.

"The Dalton boys are the best known of the robbers at the present time. They are still a menace to the border. The killing of a part of the gang at Coffeyville has not put a stop to their depredations, and they are a never-failing source of anxiety to bankers and express messengers in border towns.

"It is only about two years since Henry Brown, marshal of Caldwell, Kan., and his deputy, Ben Wheeler, while masked, robbed scores of people. They killed the president and cashier of a Medicine Lodge bank one morning, were captured in a canebrake the same afternoon, and were lynched that night. Their career was meteoric and their execution swift. They had not only robbed many people, but had murdered scores of their victims.

"Handsome Charles Smalls, kingof the cowboys and afterwards a bandit leader, graduated cow-puncher from Campbell and Dorsey's ranch. Forced to flee from Kansas because of a bold hold up near Arkansas City, he drifted south into No Man's Land and Texas. Eventually he married a Spanish girl, who was killed by a former Mexican lover. Out of revenge Smalls murdered this Mexican and all of his family. Then he led an expedition that robbed a Mexican Central train, securing 50,000 dols. from the mail car. Captured through the treachery of a confederate, Smalls is now serving a life sentence in a Mexican dungeon.

"Anything like a history of the men who are notorious along the border that has within the past few years been almost entirely obliterated from the map, would fill a large book."

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

The Life of an Organ Grinder—How he does Business, and the People who are Fascinated by the Music.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Probably there is no place in the world where the Italian organ grinder is so well appreciated as by the poor of London. We, as a race of people, are passionately fond of music, and a melody of any description is hailed with delight by the poor, who are unable to stand the expense of a visit to a theatre. Percieve an organ grinder on the streets, and about every one who is passing in the vicinity will find it a hard task to refrain from humming the tune, though he may think he is doing it unnoticed.

The street musicians live in Hatton Garden, the Italian quarter of London. They have their Catholic Church and their two schools. Saffron Hill, in Hatton Garden, is unquestionably one of the dirtiest and worst of London slums, yet the people are fairly law abiding, although an occasional row disturbs the community. It is all more talk and gesticulation than dangerous riot, and, it must be said, the women, as a rule, are virtuous, good natured, and hard working. It is the few low English girls of the neighbourhood who look and dress like Italians, and who not only grind organs but sometimes serve as artists' models, who are of a lower moral tone. There is always, however, a cabal against these girls among the real Italians. The organs are made in Little Bath Street, in the central portion of Saffron Hill, by the Chiappas, father and son. They are generally let out at a rental of 10s. per week, and an additional 2s. a week to go towards the purchase of the organ, if so desired; sixpence a week is paid for the storage of the instrument, and for this sum they are not only taken care of at night, but insured in case of loss by fire.

Two persons usually travel with an organ, which is easily trundled about the streets on a low cart. If the two "grinders out of harmony" happen to be men, they are generally merely business partners and not otherwise related. If a man and a woman, they are married, or brother and sister; again, two women may be sisters, but, like the men, they are generally only business partners.

At eight o'clock in the morning Saffron Hill presents a busy appearance. The Italians are just starting out with their organs, and before they leave for their day's trip, each will play through the ten tunes the organs are capable of grinding out in order to test the instrument, because if one is out of tune it is immediately returned and another taken instead. Once the organ leaves the district and gets out of order, then the ones who hire it are compelled to pay the cost of repairs. To those unaccustomed to an abundance of various tunes being ground out simultaneously, a visit to Hatton Garden when the tuning up process is being gone through would drive them frantic.

Take the teams on their travels, and in most any thoroughfare they play in girls of all ages and sizes will bound into the middle of the street and dance. Some may indulge in a waltz, but the majority do a skirt dance. In the houses close by women will frequently be seen dancing about a room or doing a high kick. Pedestrians, too, will have a tendency to allow their gait to drift into a dancing step. Try as you may it is impossible to refrain from so doing, and whilst you may not reward the Italians with a copper or two, you may rest assured the music is pretty certain to reach the purses of some of the onlookers. So they journey through life, and toward eight o'clock in the evening the musicians will drift back to their quarters. They will trundle the cart into the Chiappa courtyard, sit down, and count out the day's takings, dividing the sum in into two equal piles, which is a simple system of doing business. Even to the farthing this division is exactly equal. The partners are generally honest with each other and as generally honest in paying for their storage. Though there are no written agreements, the losses from non-payments are slight. The money divided, the organ-grinders saunter out into the street to their homes, indulging in their modest suppers of bread and cheese, varied with an occasional macaroni feast, and on "high days" and holidays, a bottle of cheap Italian red wine; on other occasions the beverage is cheap beer. They spend little in luxuries, however, many of them having families in Italy, to whom they send their spare pennies, or save the same for a distant day when they may return to the Mecca of their hopes.

It is difficult to estimate how much they make on the average, for, of course, the better the organ, the better the people like to hear it, and the more money they collect. Twelve shillings per day is good money, which, divided, is six shillings each. Six to eight shillings per day, however, represent the usual daily taking.

About 20 workmen are in constant employment in the organ factory, and these are generally obtained from Italy or elsewhere on the continent. About 100 organs are hired out by the Chiappas. Numbers of organ-grinders are hired by Padroni—men who do not themselves play, but keep large boarding houses, are responsible contractors for organs, and make money from the labour of their less fortunate fellow countrymen.

Very few of these Italians keep house, for they start out on their rounds at 7 or 8 o'clock each morning, and sometimes work as late as 1 o'clock the next morning, although from 8 to 11 o'clock the majority cease playing.

"You are weally iwwesistible," said young Mr. Sappy, anxious to flatter Miss Bellefield. "Youah anecdotes are so funny and you tell them so cleverly. You would make a horse laugh, indeed you would! He, he! Ha, ha!"

"I seem to have the same effect on donkeys, too," replied the girl.

* * *

Her lips quivered and her breath came in laboured gasps, but she did not speak.

"Do you not love me?" he anxiously demanded, seizing her shrinking hand.

"I—I don't know," she faltered.

Gently he insinuated his arm about her.

"Darling," he murmured, "would you like to have me ask your mamma first?"

With a sudden cry of terror she grasped his arm.

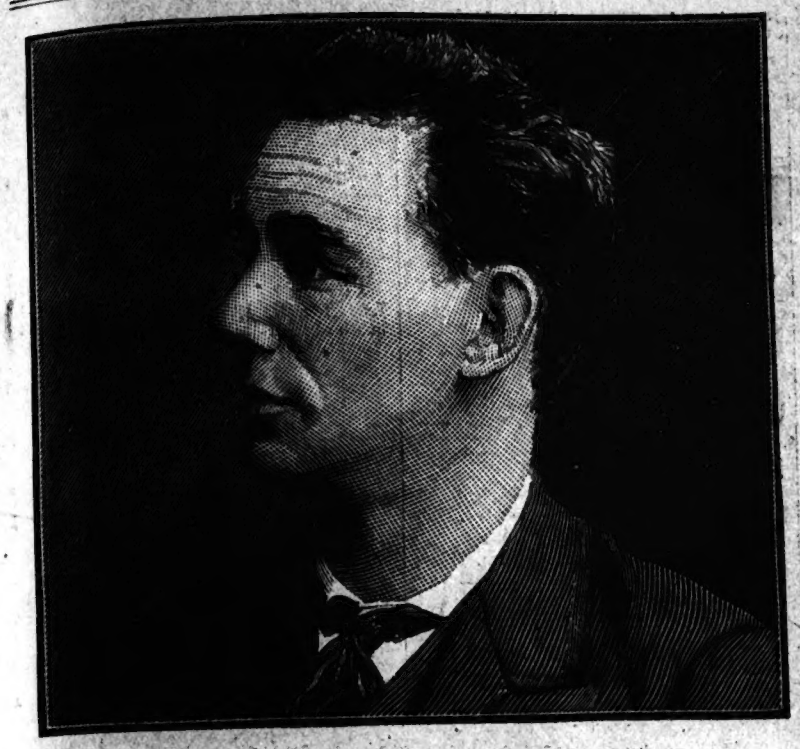
"No, no, no," she shrieked, convulsively. "She is a widow. I want you myself."

She clung to him until he solemnly promised that he would say nothing to the old lady for the present.

DEVOTIONS ON SHIPBOARD
COMMUNING WITH NATURE IN SWITZERLAND
SPIRITUAL STUDIES IN LONDON.
REFORMING THE GAMBLERS IN MONACO.
CONVERTING THE HEATHEN IN PARIS.
BACK TO THE FOLD AT HOME

THE CLERGYMAN ABROAD.

How Clerical Visitors from the States Play High Jinks on a Foreign Shore.



ROBERT GAYLOR.

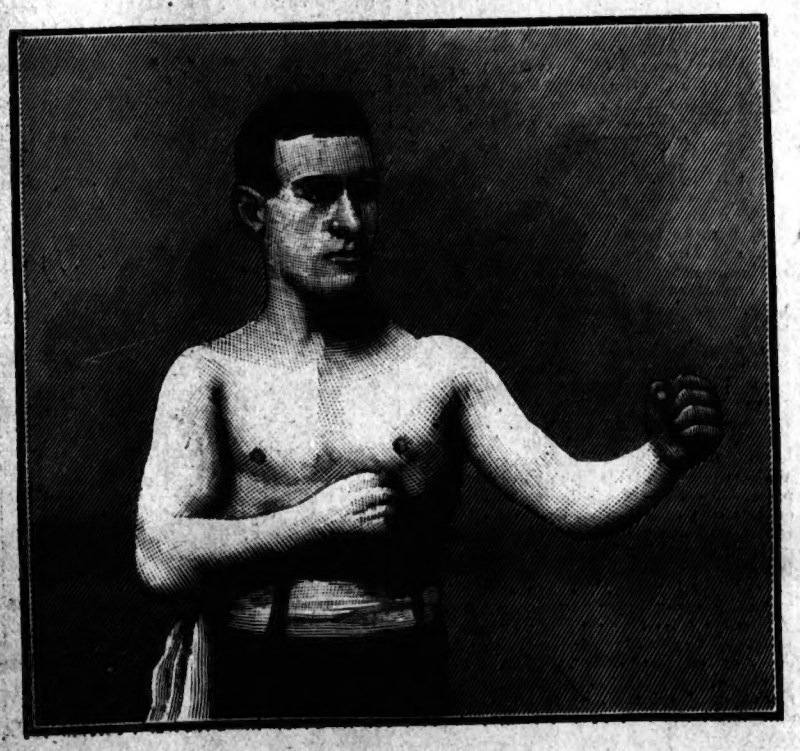
A Clever Irish Comedian, who is delighting English Audiences.

JOHN HIGGINS.

A Lancashire Lad who Challenges the World at Jumping.

MISS FLORRIE WEST.

The Pretty and Clever Soubrette of the "Gentleman Jack" Company.



MAXEY HAUGH.

The American who Challenges the World at 7st 12lb.

AROUND THE RING.

National Sporting Club.

Johnson beat Wallace.

Boxing as Was Boxing.

Pugilism Past and Present.

Good 'uns of Other Days.

MONDAY, May 7, at the National Sporting Club, was set apart as a complimentary to Mr. A. F. Bettinson, and Manager Fleming provided an entertainment which excelled any which have taken place in the United Kingdom for many a day. The members turned out in full force and fully appreciated the show given. George Murray, of Kentish Town, and Ernest Stanton, of Poplar, opened the show with a six-rounds contest. In the second round Stanton scored a knock-down, and from that time forward he commanded a decided lead, finally stopping Murray in the last minute of the last round. A series of exhibition bouts followed:—Mr. E. Dettmer (Amateur Light-Weight Champion 1881-2), sparred three spirited rounds with Mr. Walter Sykes (Amateur Heavy-weight Champion, 1894), after which Mr. T. J. M'Neill (Amateur Feather-Weight champion, 1886-89) and Professor Jem Brock had a lively set-to. Then Mr. H. G. Cousins (winner German Gym. light-weights, 1890) faced Alec Roberts (ex 10st 4lb Champion). Mr. J. G. Gowlland (Amateur Light-Weight Champion of Australia) opposed the clever Australian club swinger, Tom Burrows, and after a merry bout they gave way to Mr. H. King (Amateur Heavy-weight Champion, 1894), and Alf Bowman (ex-Amateur Heavy-weight Champion, 1888). Dick Roberts and Pat Condon also made a rattling good spar together, and were well received. At this stage of the proceedings Mr. A. F. Bettinson (Amateur Light-Weight Champion, 1882) and Mr. W. J. King (Amateur Heavy-Weight Champion, 1887) appeared on the scene, and sparred three scientific and hard-hitting rounds. After an exhibition of club-swinging Walker and Walker indulged in three rounds, and then followed the event of the evening, a twenty-round contest between Fred Johnson, of Hackney, and Dave Wallace, of Holloway, who were to decide the ownership of a purse of £50. The men were restricted to 8st 8lb each in weight. Ted White and Arthur Guttridge were in Wallace's corner, and Johnson had the advice and attention of Barney Sheppard and Tommy Orange. Mr. B. J. Angle officiated as referee, and Mr. R. Smith, timekeeper. But very little work was done in the first two rounds, both sparring cautiously to size his opponent up. They got together in the third round, however, and some good exchanges ensued. Wallace forced the fighting, but Johnson shook him with a jarring hit on the chin. The youngster bored in, and some telling two-handed work ensued. Twice Johnson missed landing on the "point" by the merest shade. Wallace would not be denied, but Johnson was very clever on his feet, and a lively round ended fairly even. Spirited exchanges characterised the fourth round. It was blow for blow without any flinching, but Wallace stayed the longest, and finally Johnson was fought away, and in retreating he slipped to his knees. In the fifth round Wallace landed a spanking hit on the body. Johnson came forward, but the other man failed to land his right, and though the thump did Fred no good, he made the most of the ring and soon recovered. Wallace kept pegging away, and his extra strength told at close quarters, where he put in some damaging hits on the body. Every now and again Johnson went a trifle weak, but his good generalship enabled him to get a breather and it was anybody's battle as they stood up for the ninth round. A good deal of the steam had been knocked out of both men by this time, and the hitting was nothing so hard as was the case a round or two previous. The business was, however, full of excitement, and the chances as nearly even as possible when half the allotted rounds had been contested. Wallace now pulled himself together, and put in some hot two-handed work. Johnson fought well in return, but his left-hand blows were decidedly weak. Wallace could not make any decided impression, and Johnson's gallant stand evoked loud cheering at the end of each round. The thirteenth was of quite a sensational character. Wallace opened fire, but Johnson braced himself up, and returned blow for blow. It was a question as to which would give way first, and finally Wallace received two nasty jabs on the body. He reeled forward, and sank from sheer exhaustion to the floor. Amid considerable excitement Mr. Angle, after a few seconds' interval, came forward and announced the end of the round. This saved Wallace, but not for long, because the next round, the fourteenth, proved to be the last. Johnson, with victory in view, seemed a new man. He went for Wallace at once, and though the last-named stood his ground for nearly a minute, he gradually weakened, and Johnson delivering the right heavily on the pit of the stomach put an end to a brilliant hard-fought contest. The ball was kept rolling with more high-class exhibition boxing. Mr. W. Campbell (Light-weight Champion, 1893 and 1894), and Tom Williams, of Australia, had three lively rounds. Mr. George Syke (Amateur Middle-weight Champion, 1889) and Jerry Driscoll Champion of the Navy) indulged in a bustling spar, a long and interesting show coming to a close with a clever bout between Mr. R. Hair (Middle-weight Champion, 1885) and Mr. Joe Steers (Middle-weight Champion for several years).

* * *

TOM WILLIAMS, the Australian pugilist, evidently intends making Aldershot his future home. He has a large class of pupils among the non-commissioned officers located there, and finds the business of instructing boxing a profitable one. When at the MIRROR OF LIFE, May 7, he said:—"I notice that Dick Burge and Harry Nickless claimed they were fighting for the 10st Championship of the World. When they speak about the world it is a pretty large territory to refer to. England is big enough for me, and I wish to state that I am ready to fight any man in England at 10st, Burge preferred, for £200 a-side and any purse the National Sporting Club will consent to give. Burge can't claim the English championship until he defeats me, and as for the world!—well, we won't talk of foreign countries just now."

* * *

DICK BURGE expresses his willingness to fight Williams, but under conditions which the Williams' party would not entertain. What the Williams' party desire is a meeting in a club where order will prevail, and with no risk of having the fight broken up in a row. If Burge really wants to fight Williams, he should meet the latter half way on the conditions to govern the battle.

* * *

IT sounds funny to read some of the reports written of the various boxing bouts which occur in London. A six rounds slug is frequently written up as "a desperate battle, in which both men were badly punished." Since the innovation of modern limited round glove contests severely punished men have been about as scarce as hen's teeth. We are pleased to say that ring fights have been abolished, and when that style of milling became moribund, the terribly punished fighter became an individual of the past.

* * *

A QUARTER of a century ago all fights which were recognised for championship honours were decided on the turf in a 24ft ring with bare knuckles, and it took considerable stamina and courage for a man to enter a ring knowing that he was liable to get badly disfigured, probably for life. Frequently old time sports will give utterance to the remark, "Give us back the good old times when they milled with the raw 'uns on the green." Those who give vent to such remarks, however, don't realise what they are talking about. We are in an age of improvement, and consequently fighters of the present time possess a far greater knowledge than those of fifty years back. They can deliver a heavier blow, and hard hitting is what tells in a fight. To watch two men maul each other about with bare knuckles for an hour or two is like looking at a piece of barbarity, and how many by constant jabbing at a man has caused fatal injury to an opponent?

* * *

Two game men of other days, evenly matched, usually left a ring a picture too horrible to portray, their heads swollen to double the natural size,

Ears and Eyes completely banged up.

and possibly internal injuries which frequently ruined the constitution.

* * *

WE hardly care to eulogise the modern pugilist as a model, in fact, far from that. The notorious fighters of the present day have too much to say before a match, and ventilate their ideas too freely through the medium of the press. John L. Sullivan was the man who inaugurated newspaper fighting, and it soon became a fad. His favourite expression was that he would "knock him out in a punch." The phrase soon wore itself out and now it is common to hear of a fighter declaring that when he gets in the ring he will lead for the head with the left, and then follow up the advantage by driving the right through the body, and

Shake hands with the Referee.

* * *

It's amusing to the knowing ones, whilst the unsophisticated will garble the talk as so much gospel.

* * *

A FIGHT well fought out in the papers seldom amounts to much in the ring itself. True, it increases the interest with the public at large, who pay fabulous prices to see the match. The purse money is increased, and the bigger the purse the poorer the battle. Fights for small purses are generally the most bitterly contested, but a lack of reputation lessens the general interest. Encasing the hands in big pillows, and

Doing a Brother Act

is really profitable business for the notorious sluggers, and when they enter the ring they are as particular about their toilet and general appearance as the most fastidious actress upon the stage.

* * *

OUR fighting stock for big 'uns is in a sadly degenerated condition, because we have not a single man capable of disputing heavy-weight honours with the heavy-weight division of other countries. We have good men at lighter weights, and our stock is as good to-day as ever it was, but those who could develop championship form evade the notoriety that pursues the pugilist. How the public would welcome a real good big man if he was one of our own people! We are not given to blow and bluster like other nations, therefore an English champion would be of a more retiring disposition than the Yankee or Australian.

* * *

IF Tom Sayers could only be brought to life once more, how he would bound after Corbett and Jackson for a battle, and a question of purse would merely be a secondary consideration.

Nat Langham

developed many a good man, and he was a good judge, too. He was born at Hinckley in Leicestershire, in 1820, and though but a middle-weight when at his best, he took down the number of many a big 'un. As a ring fighter he beat Ellis, £10, eight rounds, Hinckley, February 2, 1843; beat T. Lowe, forty-three rounds, 50min, Long Reach, May 7, 1844; beat D. Campbell, £10, twenty-seven rounds, 35min, down the river, June 12, 1845; beat Gutteridge, £50, eighty-five rounds, 1h 33min, Bourne, September 23, 1846; received forfeit in a second match, and then beat Sparks, £100, sixty-seven rounds, 63min, Woking Common, May 4, 1847; beaten by Harry Orme, £100, 117 rounds, 2h 56min, Lower Hope Point, May 6, 1851; beat Tom Sayers, £200, sixty-one rounds, 2h 2min, near Lakenheath, October 18, 1853; draw with Ben Caunt, £400, sixty rounds, 1h 29min, Standing Creek, Medway, September 21, 1857.

* * *

LANGHAM kept a "pub" in St. Martin's Lane for years, and also ran a boxing booth about the country.

* * *

Tom Paddock

was a good man, but failed to reach the proud position of champion. He was born in 1824, stood 5ft 10½in, and fought at 12st. He beat Parsons, £40, twenty-three rounds, 22min, Sutton Coldfield, December 3, 1844; beat Nobby Clark, £50, forty-four rounds, 55min, Coleshill Castle, near Bromwich, January 17, 1846; beat Clark a second time, £100, thirty-five rounds, 48min, Stoney Stratford, April 6, 1847; beaten by Bendigo, foul blow; draw with Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, but afterwards beaten by Perry; beaten by Harry Paulsen, but subsequently beat Paulsen, £100, eighty-six rounds, 1 hour 35min, Belper, Derbyshire; it terminated in a riot, both men were apprehended, December 16, 1851, and sentenced to ten months' imprisonment, March, 1852; Molineaux, Trott, and Callaghan received a similar sentence, and Bob Wade got six months. Beat Paulsen, £200, 102 rounds, 2 hours 32min, Mildenhall, February 14, 1854; beat Aaron Jones, £200, 121 rounds, 2 hours 24min, Long Reach, July 18, 1854; received forfeit, £180, from Harry Broome, February 20, 1855; received £10 forfeit from Broome, March 12, 1855; beat Jones, £200, 61 rounds, 1 hour 29min, Mildenhall, June 26, 1855; beat Broome, £400, fifty-one rounds, 63min, Bentley, May 19, 1856; forfeited £80 to Bill Perry, and a defeat by Tom Sayers and Sam Hurst, the Stalybridge Infant, wound up his career in the ring.

* * *

MR. WILL HULSE, the veteran Nottingham sportsman, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE Office May 7, and in company with our representative called on Champion Corbett, who favoured him with an exhibition at punching the ball. Mr. Hulse was pleased at the general make up of the American, and holds him in high regard as a pugilist of undoubted merit. We were sorry to learn, through Mr. Hulse, that George Fryer is not enjoying the best of health, and displays no sign of immediate improvement. Fryer's ability as a fighter was unquestioned, and had he stuck to the "game" he would, no doubt, have attained the position as England's premier heavy weight. His quiet unassuming mien has made him a favourite with the sporting men of the North Country, who will regret his indisposition.

* * *

GLOVE fighting has been prohibited in nearly every large city in the United States, mainly because of the many mismanaged meetings which have occurred during the past year. Contests are now restricted to regularly-organised clubs, and the syndicate institutions have about all gone out of existence. The law in force there bids fair to prevail here, unless the proprietary clubs convince the people that managers are capable of holding the noisy element in check. The strictest order prevails at all times at the National Sporting Club, and when a meeting is in progress no crowd is permitted to congregate outside of the building. Only members and their friends are allowed inside at any time, and Mr. Fleming, as manager, conducts matches of a most interesting nature in an exemplary manner.

* * *

IN the House of Commons, May 8, Mr. Thornton asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether he had seen the account of a so-called glove fight at the Bolingbroke Hall, half a mile from

Clapham Junction, on Friday night last, May 4, and if he was aware that, notwithstanding the drafting of mounted police into the neighbourhood, a scene occurred in the Northcote road which greatly scandalised the inhabitants, and if he would take measures to render such gatherings illegal.

The Home Secretary said a boxing competition took place in this hall on the night in question, and a certain amount of excitement was exhibited in the neighbourhood, which caused a number of persons to congregate outside the hall. This excitement continued for some little time after the result was known. Four mounted policemen assisted the foot-police in keeping order, and the men were arrested.

Mr. Thornton asked the right hon. gentleman whether he had been informed that the audience kept about till two o'clock in the morning, and that such was the excitement that the tradesmen in the neighbourhood were afraid to open their shops.

The Home Secretary said he had not heard that.

Mr. Thornton said he should take an early opportunity of drawing the attention of the House to the matter.

* * *

Should contests promoted by proprietary clubs be prohibited, boxing would certainly reach a higher level, and those who pursue the business as a means of livelihood would be compelled to decide their matches at the National Sporting Club or some other duly organised institution, which would practically mean barred doors to the odious following predominant at the places run under the guise of a club.

* * *

Billy Plimmer has been sick with erysipelas of the ear. He was forced to disband his company and cancel all engagements in the States. He sails for England June 16.

* * *

"Parson" Davies, speaking of the reopening of glove contests at New Orleans under the decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, says: "It is a good thing for the sporting public, but under no circumstances will Peter Jackson battle Corbett in the South. Race prejudice is too strong there."

* * *

Charley Johnson and Austin Gibbons fight to a finish at Norfolk, Virginia, May 31, for a purse.

* * *

Bob Fitzsimmons, the middle-weight champion, has been refused a divorce from his wife Louisa, at New York city, by Mr. H. E. Howland, the referee, who claimed that Bob was as deep in the mud as his wife was in the mire.

* * *

Stanton Abbott fought Andy Bowen ten rounds at the Auditorium, New Orleans, U.S.A., May 7, for a purse of 2,500 dols. The fighting was fast at times, Abbott generally showing himself superior to his opponent; but the contest finally ended in a draw. The number of rounds was limited, by desire of the authorities, and the purse was divided.

* * *

Jimmy Dime, the light-weight who received forfeit from Stanton Abbott, on April 23, out-boxed Jerry Marshall, an Australian pugilist, in a five-round contest. The conditions were, that if both men stayed through the five rounds a draw should be declared, and as Marshall was not knocked out of time, the decision rendered was in accordance with the agreement. The match occurred at Pittsburg, U.S.A. Young Griffo, the Australian light weight, added another scalp to his belt on May 7, at Boston, Mass., where he whipped Billy Murphy in eight rounds for the admission money.

* * *

Two eight-round bouts were decided at the Lambeth School of Arms, May 5. In the first one decided George Chitty was given so much gruel in five rounds by Bill Nelson that he gracefully retired, leaving Nelson a winner. Harry Braidwood and Jem Watney boxed the stipulated number of rounds, and as Watney showed himself the best of the two, he received the verdict.

* * *

Bill Lee promoted three eight-round contests, and the final bout of an 8st. 4lb competition at his Bermondsey club, May 5. Dan Harris won the competition by defeating Wally Holmes. Jack Curran was declared a winner over Bill Carroll, after boxing the eight rounds, whilst Bill Howe forced Bill Lawrence to cry quits in the fifth round of their battle, and Dick Neligan took his gloves off to Tom O'Shea, when the fourth round of their battle had just gotten under way.

* * *

Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, has aspirations for honours as middle-weight champion of the world, and, in order to demonstrate his claim he challenges Bob Fitzsimmons, Dan Creedon, or Ted Pritchard to fight him to a finish for a suitable stake and an added purse.

* * *

Harry Spurden and Darkey Barton contested the ownership of a £10 purse at the Bolingbroke Club, May 5. They fought nine rounds with varying fortunes, when a draw was declared, and the money divided. Spurden was feeling none too well, and this the instigators of the bout realised, and having Barton in good condition they felt sure that he would take Spurden down. The 9st Champion, however, performed much better than his enemies anticipated.

* * *

Joe Read and Jack Mills, local pugs, fought with bare knuckles, London rules, at Birmingham, May 8, for a purse of £10. The contest was not marked by any particular science, although each displayed a fairly good knowledge of the fistic business. In all twelve stubbornly contested rounds were got through, which occupied as nearly as possible 35min. In this short space of time the men fought in desperate fashion, the punishment dealt out by each being very severe. The fight was of a very even character up to the ninth round, when Mills succeeded in landing a right-hander on Read's right eye, which left an ugly mark behind; in fact, it virtually settled the fight, for Read voluntarily gave in at the expiration of the twelfth round.

* * *

Dan Creedon has renewed his offer to fight Ted Pritchard, and the Olympic Club of New Orleals offer a 5,000 dols. purse to have the battle decided there. Pritchard, however, is book-making at Brighton, and declines to entertain a proposition to do battle before the end of the racing season. Creedon will in all probability visit this country in August, and a match is likely to be arranged to take place in England.

* * *

Arthur Neale, of Stratford, and Woolf Lewis, of Stepney, boxed their way into the final bout of an all-weight competition at Brennan's Gymnasium, Plaistow, May 5. Lewis only scaled at 10st 4lb. Neale gave him no rest, and Lewis received a rare towelling in the opening round. In the second round Neale again adopted forcing tactics, and Lewis, after being driven about, found he stood no chance, and gave in.

* * *

Duce Brooks, of Hatcham, was beaten in eight rounds by Wall Reman, at Bermondsey, for a purse, May 5.

* * *

The Amberley Social Club gave a series of boxing contests at its rooms on May 7. Jack Shean put an unknown to sleep in two rounds; W. Maslin had to contest seven rounds with J. Walker, before he got a verdict, and in an eight-round battle Tom Murray proved to be a better man than George Harding.

* * *

Willie Smith, 8st 2lb champion, is in training at Brighton for his coming battle with J. Ryan.

* * *

James J. Corbett is to appear at the Cirque, Paris. He opened his season there on May 12, merely giving an exhibition of punching the ball and a sparring bout with Donaldson. The remainder of the company will be placed in enforced idleness till he returns and goes on a tour of the provinces. "Gentleman Jack" will probably have a week's run at the Grand Theatre, Islington, a week at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, and several one-night stands in Ireland.

* * *

Two light-weight miners named William Rutter, of Castle Eden, and Thomas Fallen, of Hetton-le-Hope, met at a hall in Gateshead to box the best of twenty rounds for £40. The boxing was very severe from the start. Rutter, however, always had the best of matters, and succeeded in the third round in knocking his opponent out.

* * *

The authorities in Chicago are running the pugilists out of town, charging them as vagrants, and ordering them to go at once or accept a sentence at hard labour.

* * *

In view of the vast amount of controversy which has been going on relative to the Corbett-Jackson fight, we reproduce the articles signed by the men, showing the conditions upon which the match was made.—

Chicago, Ill., July 11, 1893.

Articles of agreement drawn up this 11th day of July, 1893, between James J. Corbett, of San Francisco, Cal., and Peter Jackson, of Australia.

The principals hereto agree to meet in a glove contest to a finish for the largest purse offered by any club north of the Mason and Dixon line and a side wager of 10,000dols. each, the winner to receive all of the purse and side wager without reserve.

The principals hereto post with Louis N. Houseman, temporary stakeholder, the sum of 1,000dols. to insure the posting of the balance of the side wagers, in amounts and on the dates as follows, to wit:—With the final stakeholder, who shall be mutually agreed upon on or before Aug. 15, 1893, 1,500dols. Aug. 15, 1893; 2,500dols. Nov. 15, 1893; 5,000dols. March 15, 1894.

The contest shall be under Marquis of Queensbury Rules, and shall take place between the 20th and 30th June, 1894.

Aside from the purse and side wager the contest shall be for the heavy-weight championship of the world; provided, however, that James J. Corbett does not lose that title to Charles Mitchell in a prior contest.

Signed and witnessed in the City of Chicago, Ill., July 11, 1893,

CHARLES E. DAVIES,
For Peter Jackson,
JAMES J. CORBETT.

Witnessed:
JOSEPH B. CHOYNSKI,
EDDIE FOY.

* * *

The Birmingham *Racing News and Sporting Item* says: "A copy of the 'Life and Battles of James Corbett, Champion of the World,' has been forwarded to me. The work gives a lot of attention to detail, and is interesting from start to finish. The champion's battles are graphically described and well illustrated. The writer has handled his task in a manner which leaves no room for doubt that he is well up in fistic lore. The work is published at the office of The Mirror of Life, Fleet Street, E.C., price one shilling."

* * *

The *Sporting Times* says:—"As 'Gentleman Jack' is attracting a considerable amount of attention just now, the capital little volume, the 'Life and Battles of J. J. Corbett,' issued from the office of The Mirror of Life, ought to have a good sale."

* * *

At the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, May 5, Sam Conley was given the award over Jack Brian in a six-rounds contest for a purse.

* * *

W. W. Lewis, of Mahanoy City, Penn., proposes to increase the number of feather-weight boxers in America by bringing over Morgan Crowther from England.

* * *

Mick Dunn, the Australian pugilist, who received such unfair treatment in his battle at the Kennington Social Club, is in New York, seeking a fight with some American pugilist at 10st 10lb.

* * *

Con Riordan, of San Francisco, and Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," have been matched to fight at 11st 4lb for £50 a-side and gate money, 75 per cent. of which to go to the winner. The battle will take place near New York City on Monday, June 4, and the men will weigh in at seven o'clock that night.

* * *

Bill Hatcher and Alf Suffolk are matched to box twenty rounds with 4oz gloves, at 10st 6lb (give or take 2lb), for £50 a-side and best purse offered, to bind which *The Sporting Life* hold articles and £10 a-side. Contest to come off on or before June 4, club giving purse to name date. In the event of no purse being offered men to agree to a place. The men are to weigh at four o'clock on the day of boxing.

* * *

George Johnson, of Hackney, and Matthew Livingstone, of Edinburgh, are matched to box the best of twenty rounds with 4oz gloves on Thursday, June 7, at Sheffield or Newcastle, for £100 a-side. By the terms of the agreement Johnson is restricted to 9st in weight at two p.m. on the day of the match, and Livingstone is to come at catch-weight.

* * *

At the Windermere Club, Sydenham, May 11, two glove contests were decided. Con Barrett beat Jack Nixon in a very fine six rounds, Ben Jordan and Bill Thatcher had a three rounds exhibition worthy the name of a contest. A ten rounds event followed between Ginger Price and Bert Smith, of Bermondsey. On a previous occasion Price won, the journey being twelve rounds. It was a splendid encounter and merit hung in the balance all through. Smith made more for the body and Price the face, and after a really grand contest the judges were unanimously in favour of Smith. Later the men were matched for the rubber and a £10 purse given by Mr. Ellison.

* * *

By the request of two members, Mr. Fleming promoted a private show at the National Sporting Club, May 11, and supplied an excellent programme, too. A 9st professional competition was one of the features, and eight evenly matched men were paired off in the trial bouts to contend for the purse. These were won by Jim Bond, of Walworth; Jim Keating, of Marylebone; Harry Greenfield, of Camden Town; and Ed. Gamble, of St. James. For the second round of trials Greenfield disposed of Gamble, and Keating of Bond. They contested the final bout. Greenfield fought for the body and Keating at the head. The first-named did best all through, and Keating, who showed little of his proper form, was beaten halfway through the third bout. Aside from clever and spirited exhibition boxing, four six-round contests were brought to a decision. In the first battle E. Pickard, of Clerkenwell, was pitted against Bill Bolton, of St. George's. The former displayed the greater amount of activity and science, and scored freely with the left in the opening round. Taking the middle again Bolton tried to get on terms. The Clerkenweller, however, was too tricky, and often popping in two or three light ones he crossed the East Ender heavily on the jaw and put an end to the set-to, after the men had been in the ring five minutes.

Bob Crawley, of St. Luke's, and Jim Walker, of Haggerstone, were the second couple to dispute honours. At long shots Walker did best, but Crawley put in some good thumps on the body whenever he could get close. At the end of the third round points were in favour of the taller man, but in the fourth round Crawley made matters very sultry for his opponent. Getting close in he belted Walker about the body, and giving him no rest, the little man came up hand over hand. Walker fairly winced again, and he was having all the worst of a gruelling bout at the call of time. The fifth was fought out on similar lines. Crawley went at a rare pace, and in the last minute he put in a tremendous amount of work. Both were winded in the last round, Crawley finally getting the award after a stubbornly-contested battle.

* * *

Bout three was between Walter Butler, of Paddington, and Jumbo Butler, of Shadwell. The Paddingtonian made things hum from the first call of time, and playing a merry tune on Jumbo's ribs he had the East Ender weak by the end of the first round. Jumbo took a lot more punishment in the second, but all the wind was knocked out of him half way through the third, seeing which the referee stopped the contest.

* * *

The last of the six-round contests supplied Tom Causer, of Southwark, and Tom Ireland, of Mile End, as competitors. The former managed to show to the best advantage, and while Ireland tried hard to hold his own, he was not quite good enough for Causer, who got the verdict at the end of the sixth round.

"HERBERT, I'VE WRONGED YOU."

How a Paramour Entreated His Friend to Kill Him.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Rumour has it that an incident of an extraordinary character occurred a few days ago, which, contrary to anticipations, will not be aired in the Divorce Court. Men generally like to know that their life partners are loyal to them and ever ready to share their joys and sorrows. Once a man is convinced of his wife's infidelity, he will go to the ends of the earth, if necessary to, right the wrong and seek freedom from an odious union. There are exceptions, though they are few and far between, but we have heard of the exception which resulted in a curious termination. A well-to-do young business man suspected for some time back that his wife was too intimate with one of his closest friends, and he was determined to place the pair under surveillance to establish his wife's infidelity just for satisfaction.

He bade his wife adieu and announced his intentions of a visit to Wales on urgent business. Instead of taking his departure he returned home early in the evening and entered the drawing-room of his house unobserved. He heard his wife and paramour conversing in the room overhead, and concluded from the talk which they indulged in, that the Lord's commandments were being violated. At a late hour the pair descended the stairs and perceiving the husband sitting cool and collected in the drawing-room, the man entered. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he approached the man he had so grossly injured, and tendering him the weapon, said: "Herbert, I've wronged you, kill me." "Kill you!" exclaimed Herbert, "not if I know myself, not for that jade."

The guilty pair were so sadly nonplussed over the turn of affairs that they were lost for words.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

N. Peck: "Fighting is prohibited by law now in every state except one in America."

Mrs. Peck: "What state is that?"

N. Peck: "The state of matrimony."

* * *

Carson: "Seeing is believing."

Volkes: "Nonsense. I see Wetherell every day, and I wouldn't believe him on his oath."

* * *

"What is the business of your intended?"

"He is a deputy sheriff."

"That's nice. If you are dispossessed, it won't cost you anything."

* * *

The following conversation between a young negro and an old one was overheard recently in Virginia:

"Look yer, Ung Jackson, I don't hear um read nothin' 'bout no culled genermen in Coxey's army. Dat sorter surprise me."

"Yas," replied the elder with great dignity, "an' I'se sprised at yo' ignunce, too! You spec ter see er nigger in are' gang whar vittles is scace? He ain' gwine be dar 'cep'n' he bin tied han' an' foot an' sumbody stanin' ober 'im wid er shot-gun."

MOONSHINERS CAPTURED BY SURPRISE.

A Lawless Set which Terrorised the Revenue Officers in America.

HE WAS A FAVOURITE.

A Boot and Shoe Salesman who Knows his Business.

OUTLAWRY IN AMERICA.

A Desperado Murdered and Cast into a Den of Snakes

WHY WILLIE GOT ANGRY.

The Dog Caused Him to be Ejected, and Two Sports Stole His Girl.

FAIR PLAY BOXING RULES.

Suggested by an American Sportsman. His Desire to Reduce Boxing to a Humane and Scientific Basis.

Mr. David H. Blanchard, of Boston, is the gentleman who officiated as custodian of the stake money posted by the late G. A. Baird (Squire Abington), on behalf of Charles Mitchell, and the backers of James J. Corbett, when they arranged their match for 10,000dols. a-side. He is probably one of the few veteran American sportsmen who has always used his efforts to elevate sparring sport, and was a close friend to John C. Heenan, John Morrissey, Johnny Mackey, and other noted pugilists of the past decade. He is noted amongst horsemen as being the first man to give a purse of 10,000 dols. for an open stallion trot, and also promoted the first running horse meeting ever held to success in the Eastern States of America. Being a wealthy man he has always been a liberal contributor to sparring sport, and is regarded in all parts of the States as being thoroughly reliable and conscientious, and therefore commands the respect of all American sportsmen and pugilists. With a view to making boxing contests more popular and devoid of brutality, he has framed a code of rules which have met with the approbation of all the pugilists in the States, and will no doubt be universally adopted in the near future. The following are the set which are known as

Blanchard's Fair Play Boxing Rules.

1.—An honest and competent referee must be chosen who should be familiar with the rules. His orders must be promptly obeyed and his decisions in all cases shall be final.

2.—A responsible time-keeper must be appointed who shall take his position near the ropes and should be provided with a proper time watch. The referee also may have the privilege of keeping time for his own satisfaction, particularly in reference to the 10 seconds after a knockdown.

3.—All contests should take place in a roped inclosure from 20 to 24 feet square, or as near that as possible, with eight posts, and to prevent injury to contestants the posts should be padded on the inside and a suitable soft covering provided for the floor. There should be a circle five feet in diameter drawn in the middle of the enclosure, to be known as the centre, where contestants should meet for the beginning of each round. No one except the referee, timekeeper, and seconds should be allowed within five feet of the inclosure.

4.—Each principal may have three attendants, only two of whom shall be allowed within the inclosure. While the contest is in progress, the attendants must take positions outside the ring and neither advise nor speak to any of the principals, except while they are resting. A violation of this rule may be punished by the referee excluding the offender from serving as an attendant. Either attendant may quietly call the attention of the referee to any violation of the rules. While resting principals may use a light chair in their corners, but it must be placed outside by the attendants while the contest is in progress.

5.—Positively no wrestling, clinching, hugging, butting or anything done to injure an opponent, except by fair and manly boxing, shall be allowed. If a contestant should resort to clinching his opponent may continue hitting as long as he does not clinch himself. A contestant shall not go to the floor to avoid his opponent or to obtain rest; but should either contestant accidentally fall his opponent shall step back and allow the fallen man time to get on his feet so as to defend himself before proceeding with the round; nor shall he strike his opponent when down, or on one or both knees, or while rising, nor be allowed to strike below the belt or waist.

6.—A round shall be of three minutes' duration, with one minute between rounds for rest. In all matches the number of rounds should be mutually agreed upon, and the weight of gloves not less than 5oz each.

7.—If a glove shall burst or come off it must be replaced immediately to the satisfaction of the referee. No tampering with the gloves by forcing the hair from the knuckles or otherwise shall be allowed.

8.—If either man is knocked down, he shall be allowed ten seconds to rise and walk unassisted to the centre. In the meantime his opponent shall retire to his corner and remain until the fallen man shall first reach the centre and the round be completed. If, however, the man fails to come to the centre within ten seconds, the referee shall decide that he has lost the contest.

9.—If either principal becomes so exhausted that it is apparently imprudent or dangerous to continue, it shall be the duty of the referee to stop the contest and give his decision in favour of the deserving man.

10.—Neither contestant should be allowed to unnecessarily prolong the contest by making no effort to exchange blows, when, in the opinion of the referee, he is able to do so.

11.—A second shall not have the right to acknowledge defeat or compromise the contest without first consulting the principal.

12.—If at any time during the contest it should become evident that the parties interested or bystanders are doing anything to injure either principal, or to wilfully interfere in any way to prevent him from fairly winning, the referee shall have the power to declare the principal so interfered with the winner.

13.—In all matches, if on the day named for the meeting anything unavoidable should occur to prevent the contest from taking place or finished, the referee shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, unless otherwise mutually agreed upon by the principals or their representatives.

14.—If there is anything done maliciously to intimidate the referee, while serving, he shall have the right to reserve his decision, which, however, must be rendered within twenty-four hours after the contest.

15.—In order that exhibitions may be conducted in a quiet and orderly manner, the referee should always request spectators to refrain from loud expressions or demonstrations, and anyone guilty of such conduct while a contest is in progress should be severely condemned.

LASSOED THE PRETTY ONES

Cowboys on the Warpath Seek to Capture Amazons.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A lasso is a rope with a noose, used for catching wild animals. Cowboys of the western portion of the United States are adepts with the lasso, and it is seldom they miss any mark they direct the noose at. Give a party of cowboys lassos, revolvers, and plenty of whisky, they are in their element, and are pretty certain to paint a town red. A dozen of these individuals visited the theatre in Cheyenne, Wyoming, recently to witness a spectacular play. Pretty and well-formed women were the features of the show. If there is any article scarcer than another in the Western part of the States it is women, and particularly attractive ones. In the play there were fully six who were exceptionally fascinating, and it was beyond the power of the cowboys, on seeing them, to contain themselves. Whilst the Amazon march in progress one of the crowd threw his lasso, and the nose fell about the neck of the leader. This started the balance of the crowd, and the lasso was a prominent feature for a few moments. The sirens scampered about, and all made good their escape with the exception of two, who were dragged close to the footlights. Before they were released it was necessary for them to consent to a meeting after the show. The company had to be smuggled to the hotel, and, early the following morning left on a train, otherwise they would have fared badly at the hands of the disappointed cowboys, who searched the town in hopes of capturing the sirens.

SAM BLAKELOCK.

Clever Boxer and Trainer.

(With Portrait.)

Sam Blakelock, the Battersea pugilist, is becoming prominent as a trainer of pugilists. Seven years ago he was conceded to be one of the best 9st men in England, but he has outgrown that class, and is unable to fight less than 9st 10lb. He assisted in training John L. Sullivan, when the latter fought Mitchell in France. He has handled many English pugilists, the last to attain honours being Dick Burge.

AFRAID TO TRUST HIS LADY LOVE.

A Young Man Shackles a Girl to Prevent Her Dancing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"At a gathering near Glasgow the other night," says a correspondent, "rather a novel incident occurred, which was of such a ridiculous character that it provoked any amount of amusement, even to the victim herself. A young lady who is fond of dancing attended a reception with her intended, and when dancing commenced the young man ordered his loved one not to indulge in the festivities, because he himself was not fond of whirling about the carpet. He excused himself, and went out presumably for a drink, but on his return found his partner waltzing about. This caused him to again leave the house, and on his return he placed shackles on the young lady's ankles. One of the guests invited her to a dance, when she exposed her legs as evidence of a reluctant refusal. Several people gathered about and a hearty laugh was indulged in by all present. The young man accepted the situation as the only practical one available to prevent the male guests from getting too close to the lady of his choice."

MISS FLORRIE WEST.

The Pretty and Clever Soubrette of the "Gentleman Jack" Company.

(With Portrait.)

The only female member of the "Gentleman Jack" Company who has scored a "hit" with the English people is Miss Florrie West, who portrays the part of Tottie Splash and also does a soubrette turn in the Madison Square Garden scene. She possesses an excellent voice and renders her songs in a manner which commands the praise of all who hear her. At dancing Miss West is graceful and decidedly artistic, besides she is endowed with a pretty face, an excellent form, and on or off the stage she is exceedingly modest and attractive. Meritorious work has brought her liberal offers from many of the managers of the leading music-halls, who are prepared to arrange for a protracted engagement, fully realising that on the music-hall stage she would prove a trump card as an attraction.

It would be a difficult matter for anyone to induce a stage artist to acknowledge to her age; but then that appears to be a failing with all women, who are reluctant about admitting the number of trying winters they have weathered through. Not so with Miss West, however, though a few years hence she may attain the same ideas as the rest of her sex. In conversation with The Mirror of Life representative the other day she said:—

"I was born in London in 1870, so I'm 24 years of age. I made my *début* as a performer at Great Grimsby, playing Willie Carlisle in the cast of *East Lynne*. That was a little over fourteen years ago. Since then I have gradually crept forward, and in a pantomime at the Surrey Theatre I played principal boy. Dan Leno was a member of the company, playing Tinbad to my Sindad. Three seasons ago I was induced to visit the States, and was for two seasons with the U and I Company. Then I sang in an opera at the Boston Museum for several months. When my engagement terminated I accepted a principal part in the "Black Crook," which had such a successful run at the Academy of Music in New York, the Boston Theatre, and the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. When the season closed I signed with Mr. Brady for the English tour of "Gentleman Jack."

"I return in July or August, and next season I am to star in the Dazzler Company, taking the place of Miss Kate Castleton, who died recently. You may rest assured, however, that I shall return here as soon as I finish up my season in the States. Of course, I may have a weakness for England because it is my home, but I must confess I never anticipated such kind treatment as I have received. Have I been made many offers? Well, I should say so, they come rolling in every day, and if I were to think of entertaining them I could book myself ahead for two years. My act, I'm pleased to say, has caught on, though I am not afforded an opportunity to show what I can do. I notice one of the papers spoke about my wearing abbreviated skirts, but that is rot, my dress is as long or longer than any of the performers here. I like to display modesty because I believe in it, and feel quite sure that the best way to please the people is to give them a good 'turn.' Oh, yes! I can sing an Irish song as well as any of them, and, strange to say, I only acquired the knack since last year; if I travel much longer with "Gentleman Jack" Company and listen to Bobby Gaylor's turn every night I'll master a brogue as well as any man who ever kissed the Blarney Stone."

"What! I look young for my age. Well, you may rest easy on that point. I tell you I am twenty-four years old, and am not afraid to own up to it, too. Possibly two or three years from now I'll start growing younger; or, in other words, drop a year off my age for every one I pass through. That would be perfectly natural; others resort to that dodge and why should I go contrary to the customs? I believe, though, that every lady should own up to her age until she has reached the shady side of thirty, and after that it is pardonable to make yourself young."

FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

How Two Vagabonds Secured a New Silk Hat.

(Subject of Illustration.)

On crossing the Heath at Blackheath you reach a street which takes you into Love Lane. On one side there is a brick wall about six feet high. The other side of the wall vagabonds will frequently go for the purpose of tantalising pedestrians. A few evenings ago an elderly gentleman was walking along close to the wall, leading his pet dog. When about to enter Love Lane he felt his hat disappear from his head and almost immediately another pushed violently on. The pair gave vent to such an unearthly shout that it frightened the dog into running away, and then the vagabonds made themselves scarce, too. When the gentleman examined the hat on his head, he found that he had a dilapidated one, whilst the new one he owned had been stolen.

SHE TOOK NO CHANCES.

A Lady who Set Out to Get Married Refused a Postponement.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two disappointed wedding parties left St. Agnes' Chapel in Rockville, New York State, recently, tearful and angry. One couple were Miss Agnes Malone and James Keegan, and the other, Miss Mary Reilly and James McKeon. They had come all the way from Freeport with their friends to get married. After waiting more than an hour in the chapel for Father Patrick McKenna, of Fenhurst, to put in an appearance and perform the ceremony, they were finally compelled to leave the place unmarried.

The two men are employed on the Brooklyn Waterworks, near Rockville, while the young women live in Freeport. The chapel was completed about a year ago, and Miss Malone was to have the distinction of being the first bride to leave the building.

The hour for the ceremony arrived, but the priest was absent. A telegram was sent to his house, and after another wait a second message was flashed over the wires to the absent priest. Still there was no answer. By this time the bridal parties were in a flurry. The young women were on the verge of hysterics, while the young men were angry. At length, convinced that Father McKenna was not coming, the wedding parties left the chapel. The young women were weeping, and the young men were giving vent to their indignation.

Miss Reilly and Mr. McKeon returned to their home in Freeport. Not so with Miss Malone; she set out to get married, and declined to take the chance of a disappointment with Mr. Keegan. They drove off, and espieing a priest in a barber shop, they pulled up, and, in presence of the customers the knot was tied. The priest wished to have the ceremony performed at the church, but Miss Malone was obdurate, and he finally relented, much to the amusement of the hairdresser, who made the performance the sole talk of the town during that day.

"HOW AMY BECAME A TART."

A Midnight Ride to Epping Forest and its Consequences.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The fallen women can always remember the moment when they were started on the downward path, and, curious to note, it would be a difficult matter to find one who has a good word for the man who led them astray. There are countless numbers of men who make it a point to utilise their wiles to corrupt womankind, and few, if any, ever score a failure when once they set their clutches on their prospective prey. Once on the downward path, a woman speedily loses all her self-respect, and eventually winds up in the workhouse, the gaol, or by destroying her miserable existence. Passing through Leicester Square the other day, a Mirror of Life representative was accosted by a siren of the streets, and with a view of ascertaining a little of her early career, an adjournment was proposed to a near-by "pub." Her given name, so she claimed, was Amy; whilst Amy had an eye to business The Mirror of Life man was seeking information. "If you want to know how I got led astray," said Amy, "I'll tell you. It was two years ago that the young swell, who was courting me, insisted on a theatre party; then supper was in order, and, after partaking of wines, I found that my brain reeled so that a ride about would do me lots of good. My swell lover engaged a brougham, and told the driver to go to Epping Forest, and when he reached that place, to drive slowly. I got out some distance when the swell tried to take liberties with me. I never could tell you how I fared because about four o'clock in the morning the driver came to the door to demand payment for a broken glass. My foot was through the glass in front, and so was the foot of my lover. We returned to town and I went home. My sporting blood was up, and from that time forward I've been one of the girls. That's how your Amy became a tart."

DOMINICK McCAFFREY.

A Well-known Sparring Instructor of New York.

(With Portrait.)

Dominick McCaffrey was, at one time, regarded as the future American heavy-weight champion, having boxed John L. Sullivan to a draw at Cincinnati in seven rounds, and been awarded the decision over Charles Mitchell in a four-round bout in Madison Square Garden. His meeting with James J. Corbett practically settled his career as a fighter, and he has since devoted his attention to teaching boxing and promoting contests in New York City. McCaffrey is handling Horace Leeds, whom he believes in as the coming light-weight champion of America.

TURF NOTES.

MANCHESTER MEETING.

THE CUP.

Final Selections.

Our Last Week's Successes.

ANTICIPATIONS.

It must be pardoned if, in pointing out in this column the success of last week's anticipations, with Ladas and Matchbox in the Two Thousand, Amiable and Mecca in the One Thousand, Ingebrigt, Wherwell, La Sagesse, Grey Leg, Tours, and many others, those who have followed the advice given in THE MIRROR OF LIFE have little cause to regret, and trustworthy intelligence, which comes to hand from time to time, will appear for the benefit of those who care to glance at the weekly notes under this heading.

The Manchester Whitsuntide Meeting promises to be a most successful, and good entries for the different events are most satisfactory. That acceptances will be well up to the average there is every reason to believe, and good sport at the Midlands carnival should result. The Cup will be the *pièce de résistance*, and of the twenty-six left in, Watercress heads the list at 9 stone, but for a good weight we must go back to Isonomy's record. Although L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Carlton, and Valour have each carried their burdens to the front, on this occasion the middle division appears to be most favoured, and from the 7st lot most danger will spring. They number among them some recent winners, and last year Red Ensign, at Ascot, showed himself capable of rendering a good account of Childwick and Son of a Gun, although at York, to discount this, the last named, when favoured in the Ebor St. Leger, won easily. Dare Devil's Chester Cup running speaks in his favour, and I shall fully expect him to run forward. His stable companion, Golden Drop, secured the last handicap of the season over this course, and, if started, would certainly take his own part in the race; but probably Dare Devil will be the selected one. For Pilot I have no fancy, and he may do duty later in the week; but Childwick should repay for following. It must be remembered how he defeated Orme, and, if in the same fettle, the Cup will go to Sir J. Blundell Maple's representative without a doubt, although the last year's winner, Shancrotha, is immensely fancied by his party, and his clever trainer, I'Anson, knows exactly what will suit, and between them there is little to choose. Cardrona, in the latter's stable, I cannot find to have a winning chance, and such as Houndsditch and Low Moor may be too slow. Ancajano, the oft-quoted rod in pickle, will best be left alone until the last moment, and Pitcher's speed over a shorter course will bring a better result than here. Mervyn from the handicapper's point of view is as bad as they make 'em, and in summing up I certainly think Jewitt holds a strong hand, and his selected with Childwick, Red Ensign, and Shancrotha, will provide the winner, and in a final vote shall place

Childwick 1
Kilsallaghan... 2
Shancrotha ... 3

in the order named.

On Wednesday, in the Phillips Plate,

Denovn,

and Ranald M'Eagh have the best chance. Glacier may fill the remaining situation.

The Salford Borough Handicap: Most of the stables are doubly represented, and out of the forty-seven subs. it is a difficult matter to determine which one has a chance. The Handicap is flattering to all, but in selecting three to beat the field I shall take

Erin..... 1
Grasp 2
Glenlogan. 3

to represent me.

The Trial Handicap, one mile and a half, will, I think, be won by

Spindle Leg,

with Titlene and Lady Killer, next in order.

The May Selling Handicap,

Prague

or Plaything with St Germanus.

The John o'Gaunt Plate: Of the 23 left in

Ella Tweed,

Galiana and Vestal Virgin will be the best

On Thursday, the Isonomy Welter Handicap I like

Hombre.

Macready is unlucky; but here should go very close, and with Egerton should hunt him home.

The Beaufort Handicap,

Barberry

and Man of Ross, who so recently showed good form, with Soult should supply the first three.

The Harlington Maiden Plate,

Queen Saraband,

Bragmardo, and Chat Moss should be first, second, and third.

The Derby Plate,

Impress,

with Clwyd and Street Singer, I like as placed.

The Breeder's Foal Stakes,

Sardis,

Ella Tweed, and Lottie's Dude; one of these should win.

On Saturday, in the Whitsuntide Plate,

La Sagesse,

if still in a winning vein, will beat the Northern cracks. Matabele and Marciana may follow him home.

The De Trafford Handicap:

Pilot

is here given a chance, next to him I like the Lady Salisbury colt and Cardrona.

CHALK.

SEEN AND HEARD.

SHORTLY before the termination of the entertainment at the Empire, May 8, considerable alarm was caused by the discharge of a firearm in the grand circle. A young Frenchwoman, named Guyot, residing at 69, Farnborough Road, W., was found to be suffering from a shot-wound, and on removal to the Charing Cross Hospital a bullet wound was found in the abdomen just below the ribs. Her condition is considered by the hospital authorities to be precarious.

* * *

A PAINFUL tragedy has occurred in Rome. A young man named Venzi, aged twenty-five, who was very wealthy, was engaged to Signorina Clorinda Liberati, the daughter of a high official in the Ministry for War. The engaged pair visited a restaurant for the purpose of lunching, and after the meal Venzi fired two shots from a revolver at his betrothed, afterwards directing the weapon against himself. The young lady is not expected to recover, and Signor Venzi died almost at once. Jealousy is believed to have been the cause of the crime.

* * *

GREYEWO, a small Russian frontier town, has been the scene of a serious anti-Jewish riot. The workmen engaged in building some new barracks attacked the houses of Polish-Jewish dealers and shopkeepers. The windows and doors were smashed in, and in many instances the shops were looted and the inmates severely handled. A detachment of troops arrived on the scene when the rioting was at its height, and after a fierce fight dispersed the workmen with drawn swords. Four persons were killed, and about a hundred injured, some of them very seriously.

* * *

AMERICANS are also droll sometimes, but not phlegmatically. Mrs. Florence Hecla Morris, a "ladylike person," who said she was a governess, is a conspicuous proof of it. She was with several other passengers in a third-class carriage of a train between Cambridge Heath and Bethnal Green Stations, when she suddenly mumbled something incomprehensible, put her hand in her pocket, pulled out a revolver, and pointing it at Mr. James Coles, said:—"I am not an Englishwoman. I am an American lady, and I will show you what we do in America." Mr. John Harvey, another passenger, seized the weapon, and in the struggle which ensued the governess managed to adorn him with a lovely black eye. Ladies do these things in America, she said. Mrs. Morris further declared that she would be avenged on somebody one way or another, and was then handed into the custody of a constable. It was afterwards found that the revolver was unloaded, the lady, when she bought it, having forgotten to purchase any cartridges—which is not American at all. When before Mr. Lane, Q.C., at the North London Police Court, she said she had lived on the other side of the Atlantic, but not recently. The lady, it transpired, suffered from hallucinations, and the magistrate strongly cautioned her against repeating her foolish conduct. He ordered the revolver to be confiscated, and took from a gentleman a recognisance of £10 for her good behaviour.

STAGE TALK.

THE serpentine dance continues as popular as ever, and the great variety of figures introduced are as numerous as they are amazing. The Parisians are just now enjoying an innovation in the way of serpentine dancing that has proved an immense attraction. Mdlle. Helene Gerard, an equestrienne of great renown, is the originator of this feature, which consists of dancing on horseback. Miss Gerard is an extremely graceful and pretty young woman, and is said to give a performance of this dance on horseback, which puts the stage dancing of Loie Fuller in the shade. All Paris has taken up Miss Gerard for the moment, and the papers are loud in the praise of her unique act. While she dances as the horse gallops around the arena the auditorium is darkened, and a strong electric light is thrown on the performer through various shades of coloured glass. The costume worn by the rider is exquisite both in design and colour, and the whole affair is strikingly novel as well as very graceful.

"It's astonishing how many people call to see me when I'm not at home."

"It's always that way on the first of the month."

* * *

DAUGHTER: "Mamma, are divorces very expensive?"

Mother: "Why do you ask, Susan?"

Daughter: "I am thinking about accepting Mr. Footlight."

AJAX BEST AND CHEAPEST

Write for our 200-page **Illustrated Lists**, containing 5,000 testimonials and particulars of 1,000 New and Second-hand SAFETIES and TRICYCLES. Prices **£4** to **£30**. Easy terms from 10s. per month. Large cash discount. Tuition free in our London and Liverpool schools. Non-purchasers, perfect riding, 10s. 6d. Please mention paper.

BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO.,

Liverpool: 45, Everton Rd. London: 42, High St. Camden Town, N.W.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE.

JUST ARRIVED FROM PARIS! the best and newest to be had. Sample collections of one dozen Cabinets, 2s. 6d.; superior, 5s. C.D.V.'s, 2s. doz. Curious Transparencies, 1s. packet. Aristotle's Works, coloured plates, 360, 2s. Bride, 1s. 3d. Maria Monk, illustrated, 1s. 8d. Paris by Night, illustrated, with which is presented a Cabinet Photograph, 1s. 2d. All post free. Complete catalogue, 2 stamps.

M. LOUIS,

16, VILLIERS ST., CHARING CROSS.

OUGHT WOMEN TO BE PUNISHED for having too many children? Fourpence post-free.—M. O. L., KINGFISHER, Leeds.

RARE BOOKS ARISTOTLE'S WORKS, coloured plates 2s. 6d. (Medical Book); The Bride, 1s. 2d.; Boccacio's Famous Decameron, 2 vols., complete, 2s. 6d. Many others. Catalogues two stamps. Six Photos, 1s. —ROSENTHAL, Park Ridings, Hornsey, London. Mention paper.

Your business } —GOOD BUSINESS.
Our business }

YOU KNOW what you have to sell, you know what kind of people have use for what you have to sell, and you know how to sell them the goods if you can find them and get them to listen to you.

THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS.

WE KNOW where to find your kind of people as they read THE MIRROR OF LIFE. We can send your message right in among them, so they will be sure to listen to it.

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS.

TWO HEADS are better than one, you tell us about your business, we'll tell you about ours, and together we will tell others, for the MIRROR OF LIFE will bring you customers for your wares.

THAT'S GOOD BUSINESS.

LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

JAMES J. CORBETT,

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,

CONTAINING

PORTRAITS

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUGILISTS

WHOM CORBETT HAS BEATEN.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

OF

CORBETT'S BATTLES

WITH

Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Or sent, Post Paid, by

THE MIRROR OF LIFE,

108, FLEET STREET, E.C.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Italy in London—The Tuning-Up and Dividing-Up—How the People are Charmed by Street Organs.

The Mirror of Life is published every Wednesday by The Albion Publishing Company, 168, Fleet Street, London, E.C.